



DRAMATIC MIRROR®

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

THE FAULTS AND MERITS OF HONOR BRIGHT.
THE LITERARY AND THEATRIC METHODS
OF WRITING PLAYS. COQUELIN IN THE
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. HADING, THE
CHIEF OF THE FRENCH COMPANY, IS
MISSED. PLAYS THAT FILL THEIR TIMES
ONLY. MRS. POTTER AS CAMILLE.

The production of Honor Bright at an author's matinee brought us the work of a new pen. Mrs. Allen Arthur writes like a woman who has dramatic instinct, a nimble fancy and a nice sense of humor, but who is not yet familiar with all the factors of success in construction.

Her comedy, nevertheless, was much more worthy in its treatment of character and incidents than it was in its theme. The story was feeble and had to be strained to cover the exigencies of stage situation and it could not by any ingenuity be made to rise to a crisis of suspense interest.

This is a fault of inexperience that is often made by the most worthy ambition. The author has no adequate story to begin with, nothing that is novel, strong or stirring, and expects to make up in treatment what is defective in conception.

It is worth saying here for the benefit of young playwrights, that the best plays have their situations evolved out of the character and the story. This is the literary method. The most effective plays, and as a rule the most successful have their characters and story evolved out of a situation. This is the theatric method.

It seems like a heresy to the artistic worker to say that he must get a situation first and write his play round it. But that is the way some of the most noted plays have been constructed, and it is notably the French way of making dramas.

It is not strange after you have thought of it a moment. The crisis or situation is the most essential thing in drama, and the all-important thing should be secured first. Get a great dramatic incident in your mind and see how easily all the elements of the drama will shape themselves round it.

Get all the other elements of a drama and see how difficult it is to work them up to a great crisis or to insert your situation into them.

It is all very well to talk, as the magazine reviewers usually do, about the natural evolution of a play. There is no natural evolution about it. It has to conform to empirical conditions in its limitations and its action.

Honor Bright has a charming glitter, but there is no internal heat. At the best it is a picture of fire without the motion of flame.

This will account for the dispersive incidents, the uncertain cross-play of motives, the continuous effort to make sportiveness and by-play and dialogue fill up a sensible want.

Had Mrs. Allen Arthur set out with a sufficient dramatic motif, a large enough central interest, she would have clothed it adequately and moved it dramatically. I feel sure, and allowing for technical inexperience, would have made an interesting and perhaps a brilliant and unquestionably an interesting comedy.

It is, therefore, only fair to say of the production of Honor Bright, that it exhibited the intelligent worker and her possibilities without securing the recognition that is due to a wholly successful play.

Mrs. Arthur cannot, I presume, have a very favorable opinion of Authors' matinees. Nor have I. They may have their uses. Possibly talent will get a trial through their courtesy that would else be undiscovered. But somehow, one feels like insisting that talent shall take its regular course. It is almost impossible to bring out the full purpose and the full power of a play that is to have but one performance and probably only gets one or two rehearsals.

I was very much surprised at the excellence of the actors and at their endeavors to do their best with what, in any light, was a mere experiment. But when I come to read Mrs. Arthur's manuscript I could see how unwittingly a hurried production could injure material that depended almost altogether on ad-

justment. One of the actors accidentally omitted one of the most important speeches in the play, which he would not have done had he been easy in his part. And this omission left some of the subsequent action in the act as it were, without any conceivable motive or reason.

Miss Dorothy Dorr came to the front again, in Honor Bright, this time playing an *ingenue*. It was not exactly in her line. She made the sweet, ingenuous Galatea of the drawing-room rather severe. It was an autumnal, not a vernal *ingenue*. Miss Dorr is precise, stately, deliberate, reflective. *Ingenues*, the type she was portraying, are dreamy, spontaneous, impulsive, emotional, fluctuant. She had got herself up in an extraordinary manner, running all to waist and Greek knot, and frozen, at the moment of highest attainment, before a mirror. She walked as if it were a question whether her shoes or her stays hurt the most. I regretted she was not in the Greek play and out of the drawing room. She suggested the teacher constantly with a primness that was inimitable. It had in it the steady basilisk stare of Clara Morris and the dignity of a Cape Cod governess.

What business has Dorothy Dorr to play maidens of the moonlit type? None whatever. She hasn't got the moonlight, she doesn't quiver, she calculates, she ought to "hale the soul" of her Alfred Ayres, for her intelligence is of the deepest die, her repose is absolutely Assyrian, her elocution is perfect. She is in all respects within her limitations an artist, but she can no more play an *ingenue* than Irving can play Adonis. Because artists no more than zebras can change their stripes.

Unchangeable artists brings me to Coquelin, who started in with his farewell weeks by giving us The Figaro of Beaumarchais. It reminded me very much of Mrs. Thurber's attempt to give us the Orpheus of Gluck. The only special thing about either of them at this moment is that it is historic.

Do you remember Ronconi? It seems to me that no New Yorker can forget him. He was the Figaro of tradition and the Figaro imperishable. When I saw Coquelin in The Marriage of Figaro, I was utterly disappointed at his conception of the part. It was so unlike the ebullient personage I had grown acquainted with. I do not pretend to say that my conception was right and Coquelin's wrong. The chances are that he is more correct than I am. But it seemed to me to be a philosophical Tartuffe, not a spontaneous and sportive spirit.

Perhaps I felt a little the absence of Hading. Who knows? For I am quite willing to confess, as I have confessed several times already, that she was to my eyes the charm of the French company.

But how clearly the revival of The Marriage of Figaro emphasized what I said in these columns the other day about all plays and all songs filling their times and no other times. Here was one of the most celebrated dramas in history. When it was produced originally in Paris in 1784 it produced a veritable spasm of delight. I cannot recall anything else which history records with equal admiration. Its wit, shrewdness, gallantry, philosophy and humor were new, unprecedented and unbounded. Rossini and Mozart were not ashamed to avail themselves of its ideas. Enough feuillets were written on it to make a library. To the Parisians it was as important as a change of government.

Well, it doesn't make a tremor now. You see, the events of that time gave it a significance that it doesn't have now. Mrs. Thurber, who had read about the great fight of Gluck and Piccini, which of course was the same old fight of German and Italian music, thought the world was just as much interested in it as ever. I think Theodore Thomas told her so.

But it wasn't. The fight had gone over from the public to the study.

I remember (to come down from big events to little) that when Frank Chanfrau was alive a lot of New York veterans wanted him to revive "Mose." They remembered what an unprecedented sensation and success it had been; how it had set the town on fire; how none of the theatres were large enough to hold the people; how all the lines became popular; how Mose was the popular hero, the

type, the essence of contemporary heroism, humor and character. "Nothing," they said, "had ever been done since that was so inimitable."

Well Frank revived it one night at a benefit at Wood's Museum. I was there. The audience sat stolidly wondering what the devilish old trumpery was about. When Mose came on and said: "He wasn't going to run wilder macheen any more," there wasn't a smile in the house. Nobody seemed to know or care what he was talking about. But that line used to wake the echoes at the Olympic and the Chatham.

Altogether there was a sense of "goneness" about Frank and his play that was sorrowful.

Recently we had Macbeth. I looked at the witch scenes with the same old sense of their mummery, and wondered like the rest of the audience at their impotence. But I remembered that at the time they were written witchcraft was an awful fact. The air was full of lamentings, poor old women were dragged to the stake because they were possessed of the devil, and men and women shuddered at the mystical tomfoolery of any hog who could get up a cult of superstition in the woods.

The chief interest in the witch scenes now is their "goneness."

Coquelin still impresses me as one of the most consummate theatrical artists I have ever seen. His complete mastery of every resource of stage art is wonderful. But it is craftsmanship. He is a superb workman. Nothing daunts him. He plays all parts just as Von Bulow plays all music, with exquisite touch.

Mrs. Potter came in quietly on Tuesday night and did Camille for the first time—she appeared at Harlem and all the critics were at the Star Theatre. But I took an elevated train and rushed up there for an act. In the gayer scenes, which were the only scenes I saw, she did the part very charmingly and looked very dainty. Heaven knows how she did the rest.

She was suffering from a severe cold, but her house was packed and her audience really showed an intense interest in the tone of "these handsome young people" as your friend, Mr. Winter, calls them.

I heard one bitter opponent of Kyrie Bell-lew say, "Mrs. Potter will never get justice done her till she gets to St. Louis." This struck me as an odd feeling to have towards an actress. It was as much as to say, "Alas, for the decline of rufianism in the East!"

I think the profession and a vast number of people outside of the profession admired the dignified stand The Mirror took with regard to Mary Anderson's treatment in St. Louis. Certainly no paper has treated Miss Anderson more critically than The Mirror and I was glad to see it say distinctly if this sort of thing from the Mississippi Valley is to pass for criticism then in Heaven's name let us have nothing but managers' puffs; of two evils they are the least.

However, these things always react, and just now there is a strong feeling of sympathy for Mary Anderson all over the country where there was only indifference before.

NYM CRINKLE.

SEVENTY NEW MEMBERS.

Four professionals have responded to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's appeal for Fund members during the past week, but we have five names to publish, one having been accidentally omitted from the list published in the last issue:

MRS. ST. FELIX,
T. C. HOWARD,
LILY MISKA,
JACQUES MARTIN,
ELEANOR MEER IN.

The addition of the foregoing names brings the total number of new annual members secured through this channel to seventy.

UNION SQUARE OPENING.

Those people who are fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the new Union Square Theatre this (Wednesday) evening, will be treated to a view of what is, without a doubt, one of New York's parlor theatres. A private exhibition of the beauties of this new house by gaslight was given to the mem-

bers last night, and the raptures of the reporters will be felt at the opening to-night by the general public. A general description of the theatre has been given in these columns, and personal experience and knowledge reveal the fact that none of the promises made have been unfulfilled. The decorations are in ivory and gold, and the proscenium arch, with its carved woodwork and its elaborately studded panels, is very beautiful. The carpets are handsome and thick, drowning all sound; the seats are comfortable, and allow of passage in front of the occupant without inconvenience. The spacious lobby, with its massive ivory pillars, tiled flooring and plate glass doors is very handsome. Everything points to a most successful opening, though a few days work will be necessary before the house is thoroughly completed and in order.

MR. FLORENCE'S SEASON.

W. J. Florence arrived from Pittsburg on Sunday, and when seen at the Fifth Avenue Hotel not long after his arrival, was busily engaged in directing the unloading of several boxes containing Christmas presents which had been received at the hotel about the holidays and were awaiting his pleasure.

"This brings me back to Christmas-tide," he said cheerily to the reporter. "What a lovely number of THE MIRROR the Christmas one was. I really think it was the handsomest Christmas Number that was published of any journal."

"How is Mrs. Florence?" "In splendid health, my boy, and so would I be if it were not for my throat. I've had a very bad time of it with that organ all along, and on several occasions I thought I would have to give up. It's some bronchial affection, and the doctor tells me it seems to be epidemic just now."

"As for our season, it has been the best that we have had for a great many years. We traveled over 11,252 miles so far, and went to Texas for the first time. We had a great reception down there—nothing but dinners and parties and receptions and flowers all the time. This week, you know, we are in Newark. Then we go to Brooklyn and then to Philadelphia, closing season there on April 22. When we return I go up to the Restigouche River salmon fishing as usual until about the 4th of July, when I return and take passage for Europe with Mrs. Florence on July 6 by the *Unbria*. Mrs. Florence will remain abroad the entire season, returning here in the Spring of 1890, while I shall come back in time to begin rehearsals in September. Mr. Jefferson and myself opening our joint starring tour in Philadelphia on the last Monday in September or the first in October."

"Does Mrs. Florence retire from the stage at the end of this season?" asked the reporter.

"I do not like to discuss family matters, but I will say this much. When we retire, we retire together, and when you hear of our joint farewell appearance you can put some faith in the rumor. Mrs. Florence will rest next season, while what will happen after that has not been determined. This joint tour of Mr. Jefferson and myself may be such a success that we may continue together."

"I am looking forward to a good rest next year. With Mr. Jefferson I shall only play two parts, you know, Lucius O'Trigger in the Rivals and 'Zekiel Homespun in The Hair-at-Law. At least that is the present intention. Although I shall be an associate partner I shall have no hand in the management and we expect a great time. Joe and I, as the young men, will look after business affairs. We shall have our own private car, and everybody predicts we're going to enjoy ourselves, so I look forward to the tour with pleasure."

Before leaving the hotel Mr. Florence, in speaking of the "knock-down and drag-out plays" now holding the stage, confided to the representative of this paper with several apparent qualms of conscience, indicated by sudden pallor and peculiar twitchings of the facial muscles that he had written one himself.

"I call it 'Working the Growler,'" he said in a hoarse whisper, "and I think there is money in it. It is calculated to amuse if not instruct, and I haven't settled as to whether I'll put my name on the bills as author or not."

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• The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

GRATIFYING.

WE issue a paper consisting of twenty pages this week, to equalize the encroachments which the advertisements have been making latterly on our reading columns. The extra space enables us to present a quantity of exceptionally interesting special matter, in addition to the usual departments of criticism, comment, news and gossip.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is enjoying a constantly augmenting boom in circulation and advertising business. The new form, the earlier date of publication, together with the many improvements made in its appearance and contents, have combined to emphasize its preeminence in the field of dramatic journalism.

To quote the words of one of our contemporaries, "THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is more than ever entitled to the credit of being the best dramatic paper ever published in America."

THE TRIAL MATINEE.

THE ambitious author, if he be wise, will only consent to the production of his piece at a trial matinee when all other means of submitting the work to the popular and critical test have failed. It should be regarded simply as a *dernier resort*.

In the first place the manager who consents to this raw species of experiment generally does so because in his judgment the play is worth a slight test but not worth doing at night in the regular way. That is a suspicion of what is expressively termed a "black-eye" to start with.

Then a cast must be made up, somehow or anyhow, from among the actors who are willing to lend their services for an event to whose success or failure they usually give little thought, and who seem to have a constitutional aversion to the study and rehearsals necessary to insure a careful and appreciative performance.

Complete and handsome stage-settings are positively demanded by the audiences of to-day, but the extra matinee piece must needs be embellished with such second-hand scenery and furnishings as may happen to be available.

The result, as a rule, is an awkward, uneven representation, in which lack of proper preparation is conspicuous on the part of the players, while flimsy or familiar "sets" furnish a background that is no better than the performance.

The author is distracted at hearing his lines butchered in spite of the prompter's industrious efforts to keep them straight, and frenzied with the halting, blundering fashion in which his product is presented.

Moreover, he does not secure a genuine hearing or receive a trustworthy verdict from the public, for generally on these occasions the house is filled with deadheads and friends, two classes of auditors whose judgment cannot be safely relied upon.

The critics, too, entertain a sort of irritable prejudice against these special performances, frowning as they do additional labor of a not particularly inviting description, and little

allowance is made in their criticisms for the many disadvantages inseparable from the conditions and circumstances of the experiment.

In rare instances trial matinees are stepping-stones to better things.

Now and then an author is able to demonstrate the excellence of his work thereby and to place it permanently. Occasionally, also, the actor finds in one an opportunity which, intelligently embraced, augments his reputation.

But in most cases they are careless, haphazard, inartistic performances as aggravating to the dramatist whose brains are in the balance as are the refractory spheres in the current pastime, "pigs in clover."

WAKE UP!

THE prevalence of play-piracy has been again shown to the profession by THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. Dozens of companies at the present moment are presenting stolen pieces over a territory which should be valuable to the lawful owners, were they in a position to assert and enforce their rights. Time and again we have detected and exposed numbers of these marauding rascals, but as yet no united and effective effort has been made to stop the evil by those that suffer most from it.

The owners of plays have frequently read in these columns the proposal of a simple method of securing protection and putting an end, now and for all time, to wholesale, barefaced appropriation of their property. The plan involves a very slight amendment to the domestic copyright law as it at present exists, making the theft of a copyrighted work punishable by imprisonment as well as a fine.

Assurance has been given that Congress will seal such a measure with its approval if managers and play-owners will bring it before the legislature in such a manner as to command attention. All that is needed is an awakening on the part of the sleepy guild and concerted co-operation.

MRS. BURNETT PROTESTS.

EXPERIENCE has taught many people in public life that it is wisest to totally ignore the ribald gibes and deliberate misrepresentation from the scavenger department of the daily press to which, unhappily, they are constantly and necessarily exposed. Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, while admitting the advantages of the policy of dignified silence, nevertheless appears in print to inquire into the origin of a vulgar and unfounded paragraph published by one of the newspapers of this town, in which it was stated that the distinguished authoress was attracting attention in the metropolis "on account of her eccentricities of dress and behavior. Boston lionized her, but the metropolis is inclined to find her amusing."

Of course this fabrication *per se* was unworthy of notice, but Mrs. BURNETT uses it as the basis for two or three pointed and pertinent questions, as follows:

Is it, or is it not, of consequence that a statement published and copied all over the United States is untrue in every word and detail? Does it, or does it not, matter in the least that a man or woman who has done honest and respectable work should on that account feel that his or her character, good taste and good manners may be impugned at so much a line in any newspaper? Does it not matter that such an individual cannot live a life so simple, so secluded and so well-meaning as to escape the most grotesque misrepresentation? I ask these questions not only for myself, but for a number of modest, respectable persons who have had the misfortune to write a popular book or play, or to occupy a prominent position. They are questions I have heard discussed with strong feeling by such people who have all agreed that they present a serious problem it is time to face practically. When an article is presented at an editorial office, is its truth or untruth, its justice or patent malignity, entirely indifferent to the publisher? Will some journalist of established reputation answer this question? I put it with all modesty and respect to journalists.

These self-same interrogations have frequently occurred to other harassed women in professional pursuits. It would seem that the struggle inseparable from a public career was of itself sufficiently difficult and wearing without the added annoyance of newspaper impertinence and blackguardism. But every woman who takes her brains or her genius or her talent into the conflict, and especially every actress, is set upon by the nimble horde of journalistic *banderilleros*, whose stinging darts cause infinitely more pain and anxiety than the thrusts of honest criticism.

There can be but one reply to Mrs. BURNETT's queries, which are both just and timely. The worst, because the most far-reaching, form of

misrepresentation is newspaper misrepresentation. It is a shameful reflection upon the vaunted chivalry and progress of the American people that they, or a large portion of them, countenance, support and seek with avidity journals which prostitute their columns with malignant personalities and debauch public taste and morals by pandering willingly to the popular lech for gossip and scandal.

There is no room for doubt that the editor who purchases and prints an article is bound by the responsibilities of his position to inquire into "its truth or untruth, its justice or its patent malignity." But until the individual is protected by stringent laws from the lewdness and recklessness of that large part of the press which chiefly lives on ribaldry and slanders, or until public opinion asserts itself in favor of a thorough reform, flippancy and mendacity, such as excite Mrs. Burnett's honest wrath, will continue to fill the walks of public life with thorns and thistles.

THE DRAMA IS CLEAN.

THE brood of novelists who at the present time keep the booksellers supplied with fiction are a sweet-scented lot, to be sure. They are vying with one another to see which can descend to the lowest depths of cheap pessimism, or to the muddiest precincts of undistinguished nastiness. SCHOPENHAUER and OUIDA are drawn upon for supplies on the one hand while every description of abnormal immorality is brought into play on the other.

Nothing is too loathsome, nothing too debasing to suit the purposes of these slimy serpents of literature, and the result is that there is constantly exposed for sale a collection of disreputable and demoralizing books, beside which the worst productions of the much-abused French immoralists assume the innocence of the city directory.

Subjects whose very significance is unknown to a large class of decent men and women are exploited in some of these works with little attempt even at superficial concealment.

These vile productions are freely accessible to our youth; they are for sale everywhere, and they find a place on the shelves of respectable circulating libraries. They work more injury to the minds and morals of young people than would the few tons of obscene literature to which Mr. CONSTOCK's society annually puts its torch. The authors achieve notoriety, and presumably respectable publishing houses share with them the profits of their leprous inventions.

The drama of to-day may not reach a high standard of artistic and literary excellence, but at least it is clean. Compared with a large portion of the stories that are almost daily vomited from the printing-press, it is beyond reproach.

Many of the plays and entertainments now before the public have little or no value, viewed in the light of æsthetic achievement; but, unlike the current paper-covered muck, they are healthy and wholesome.

ALL'S WELL.

IT was but recently that we called attention to the fact that only those stars who were not successful suitors of coy fortune could indulge in the eccentricity of disabling illness. Since then a sufficient number of exceptions have come into prominence to prove the rule. Several of our principal stellar attractions have been temporarily on the sick-list and that, too, at a time when they would have been making money. There has been, in consequence, a good deal of managerial agitation and disturbance of mind. The telegraphic instruments have ticked out violent calls for companies to fill cancelled dates in some of the most important cities, while routes have been shifted to reach those rich and unexpected plums, like the grand transformations of a fairy spectacle. But now the erst invalids are nearly all convalescents and stars and things have resumed their normal state of activity.

HISTORY.—Manager Palmer's history of the Union Square Theatre, which is nearing completion, will comprise fourteen large volumes. In addition to biographical and autobiographical matter respecting all the players connected with that famous company during its existence, the compilation includes ana, criticisms, portraits and sketches covering a vast field of research. It is understood that Mr. Palmer intends to present these invaluable books to the Actor's Fund.

PERSONAL.

VON BÜLOW.—Von Bülow arrived in this country from Europe on Saturday last on the *Saale*.

DAUVRAY.—Helen Dauvray (Mrs. Ward) will open her season at the new Union Square Theatre on Oct. 7.

HALL.—The re-engagement of Pauline Hall for next season at the Casino relieves many minds of a sickening fear.

MORRIS.—Clara Morris will close her regular season on Saturday night in Baltimore. She will play a supplementary season.

EVANS.—Lizzie Evans made a pronounced success in *The Buckeye* at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

WILSON.—Mr. Wilson's friends deny that Manager Aronson will give away as the next Nadjy souvenir a game called *Actors in Clover*.

WILLETT.—Miffens Willett, the leading lady of the Clara Morris company, made a hit as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons* at St. Louis last week.

LANGTRY.—The Philadelphia papers express surprise because Mrs. Langtry spells *Macbeth* with a "k." They forget that she plays it the same way.

EYTINGE.—Rose Eytinge is again ready for the stage. Negotiations for a California tour are now pending through Gustave Frohman.

MODJESKA.—Mme. Modjeska signed the contract to appear with Mr. Booth next season on Wednesday last at her ranch near Los Angeles, Cal.

PALMER.—Manager Palmer has been at his office daily since Friday last. His illness, which was slight, confined him to the house but a couple of days.

BOOTH.—Managers Palmer and Daly will give a supper to Edwin Booth at Delmonico's on Saturday evening. Covers are to be laid for about seventy-five gentlemen.

DREW.—Sidney Drew, the comedian of A Legal Wreck company, is in active training for his pool match with Burr McIntosh, for the championship of the theatrical profession.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault is completing his recollections, which will form a large and undoubtedly interesting volume. Mr. Boucicault began this work several years ago.

LAWRENCE.—Emma Lawrence, of the Casino was given the role of De Launey in *Nadjy* on last Wednesday and Thursday evenings and acquitted herself remarkably well.

PETTER.—Selina Fetter is negotiating through Gustave Frohman for the rights of a European success. A date in this city is now being held in case negotiations are consummated.

PERKINS.—Fred Perkins, the musical director, who has been ill with pneumonia, is fast recovering, and has accepted an engagement with Robert Grau to direct his Philadelphia company.

COQUELIN.—The part in which M. Coquelin will appear at his benefit, in conjunction with Mrs. Booth, is chiefly pantomimic. He has but one speech to deliver. That is the tag, which will be spoken in English.

SHERWOOD.—Penson Sherwood, the stage machinist of the Grand Opera House was married on Wednesday last in the Little Church Around the Corner to Charlotte Napier, a teacher of elocution. After the ceremony the couple left for Boston.

HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Clinton Hall, of the Ranch 10 company, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary at Portsmouth, N. H., the other day. There were a profusion of presents and a supper to the company after the performance.

HAWTHORNE.—W. W. Kelly, manager for Grace Hawthorne, sailed on Saturday from England for this country, in order to secure a theatre in which to present Grace Hawthorne to the public of this city next November in a new play by W. G. Wills, called *Josephine*.

LINTON.—Harry J. Linton is now playing the role of the Duc de Laval in *Ansterlitz* with Daniel Bandmann. Mr. Linton was formerly a member of Wilson Barrett's company in this country. Last Summer he went to London to produce Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde for Mr. Bandmann at the Opera Comique, of which Mr. Linton was stage manager.

GILMAN.—Ada Gilman prevented a panic by her coolness at the Court Street Theatre, Buffalo, on last Wednesday night. While she was singing her topical song in the third act of *Bubbling Over*, two gas jets on the scenic mantel set fire to the canvas. There was an immediate rush for the doors, but Miss Gilman cried out that there was no danger, the curtain was run down, the incipient blaze extinguished and the panic averted.

JEFFERSON.—Joseph Jefferson is taking the greatest pains in selecting the star cast which will surround him in *The Rivals* next season. Thus far the artists secured include W. J. Florence, John Gilbert, C. W. Coudock, and Mrs. Drew. The tour will probably be Jefferson's farewell. He is rich; he doesn't care for the money side of this enterprise, but he means to make it historical.

THE USHER.



Read him who can! The ladies call him, most—
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

By grace of Ingersoll last Monday night's session of the Goethe Society at the Brunswick was the most brilliant and memorable in the history of the club. The announcement of the great orator's intention of making an address attracted a splendid company, and its delight on finding that he had chosen Shakespeare for his subject can be imagined. For two hours he held the assemblage under the glorious spell of his eloquence, poetry and wit, and the Master's universality and genius were described and illustrated with marvelous adequacy. It was a memorable intellectual feast.

The editor of *Lippincott's*, Mr. Philip Walsh, was dismissed from his position because he accepted Edgar Saltus' somewhat blue story, "A Transaction in Hearts," for publication in that periodical. We have not heard yet that "Allan Dale" has been bounced from the dramatic editorship of the *Evening World* because he is the author of "A Marriage Below Zero." And yet for unadulterated nastiness, for nauseating, disgusting, disgraceful, nameless obscenity the subject of this latter-named book surpasses anything that a foul imagination and a brazen disregard for public decency has produced in this generation. The story has not even the merit of literary skill—it is in all respects execrable. So monstrous is the nature of the theme that a description of it would be unfit for publication.

In Naples within the recesses of the secret department of the Pompeian Museum such matters as are treated by "Allan Dale" find illustration in relics showing the hideous depravity of the ancient inhabitants of the buried city, which are kept for their historic interest. If New York should be suddenly swallowed up by an earthquake or drowned out by a flood, and the searchers and excavators of the distant future should unearth a bookstall with its contents intact, they would undoubtedly conclude that the morals of the Metropolitans were on a par with those of the ladies and gentlemen whose mad careers were effectually checked by the boiling over of the Vesuvian pot.

Is not theegis of Mr. Comstock's Society broad enough to protect our community from the indecent literary exposures of "Allan Dale" and the rest of that tribe?

Has Dr. Talmage left the realm of comedy for the broader field of burlesque? I should judge so from the accounts of the extraordinary entertainment which amused a large audience in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday morning. Here are two or three extracts from it:

"And as to Jonah remaining alive in the monster's belly for three days, why the fact is that the gastric juice had no chance—Jonah kept bobbin' around so. And what more natural than that the monster should after this regurgitate Jonah on shore? The sea monster was as tired of Jonah as he was of the fish. There's not the least bit of improbability or impracticability about it."

"Another thing hard to understand is the Deluge and Noah's Ark. Scientists say that story is absurd; that it would have had to rain eight hundred feet a day to raise the water fifteen cubits above the mountain tops; that the ark would not have contained two animals of every kind, for there must have been thousands of species. Besides, there was only one small window in the ark, not enough for ventilation, and all the animals would have been asphyxiated. And then again, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat, seventeen thousand feet high, all these creatures—if still alive—would have been immediately frozen to death. I must confess there need to be some mystery about this story to me. But not now that I have a clue. Noah told his story as an eye-witness. He said what he thought he saw and knew, and Moses took his account and incorporated it in the Bible. Noah says everything on the earth was covered. Well, as far as he could see it was. We need not necessarily believe that the flood covered Mount Washington and Pike's Peak. The Deluge was sent for the purpose of drowning out the small population of the earth. And as for the eight hundred feet of rainfall a day, haven't you noticed that the waters came up as well as down? 'The foundations of the great deep were broken up. Most of the flood arose, it didn't fall at all.'"

"Geologists agree that there have been floods of ice and fire. They tell us of the signs of twenty floods. But when, having believed in their twenty, we ask them to believe in ours they almost charge us with being non compos mentis. They believe in twenty—we believe in one. The ark was as large as the Great Eastern. After we have improved in naval architecture for thousands of years we have just got up to the Noah's Ark. Then about that small window. If these infidel scientists knew anything about Hebrew they would know that the word translated a window means a whole course of windows. A juster criticism of the ark would be that there were too many windows. But say some, 'how would it have been possible to get all these creatures into the ark?' You might have coaxed and driven, and yet you couldn't get 'em in! Were you ever in the country in a thunder storm in August? And don't you know how the frightened cattle moan at the bars trying to get in, and how the poultry huddle together and the dogs and horses run for shelter? I never owned a cow or sheep that didn't know enough to come in when it rained."

Doesn't this look as if the acrobatic T. De

Witt had come out boldly as a burlesquer, pure and simple? It would be more decorous, however, for him to select something besides the Bible as the subject of his travesties.

On Thursday last the Governor of Tennessee pardoned Charles Talbot, the Memphis hotel clerk who stole Fanny Davenport's diamonds. Miss Davenport furthered the ends of justice by sending for the released convict and giving him \$300 and a talking to.

Yesterday (Tuesday morning) I read the following notice in the *Morning Journal*:

It is, perhaps, the misfortune of latter-day theatricals that the public gives unusually large patronage to such stars as Mr. Pat Rooney. Nevertheless the Old Bowery Theatre was crowded last night to see a set of Irish specialties strung along in a play called Pat's Wardrobe. It is no more than a vehicle for songs and dances and some not very delectable acting.

This is one of the little eccentricities of criticism that frequently come to light in the daily press of this city. The *Journal's* notice would have been all right if the Thalia had presented the performance described on Monday—but it didn't. The bill advertised and given was A Boy Hero, with Martin Hayden in the leading part. Wouldn't it be a good stroke of enterprise and a safeguard against little mistakes of this sort for the *Journal* and its morning contemporaries to induce the managers of the combination theatres to write their own notices? They would be equally valuable to the readers and decidedly more reliable.

As I have remarked before, we occasionally discover spurious theatrical notices by reason of their blundering falsity or the miscarriage of some managerial announcement, but how often they are successfully palmed off only the Lord and the writers themselves know. It is not strange that professionals regard the dramatic columns of the dailies with mingled suspicion and contempt. There is no excuse whatever for these fabrications. They betray a condition of looseness and irresponsibility which is discreditable to journalism and dangerous to the interests of the stage.

When Mary Anderson's company returned to New York after the star's withdrawal, several of the leading members were loud in their denunciations of Mr. Abbey. The leading man talked of bringing suit and others threatened all sorts of dire things. The manager, however, speedily put an end to this discontent by effecting a settlement, which was evidently satisfactory all round. The result was that the people who had so loudly trumped their grievances a few days before positively denied that they had ever spoken of any and sailed away for England as happy as possible.

Perhaps the wrath of Miss Anderson's associates at first was due to the alleged remarks of Mr. Abbey's business manager, reported by a Philadelphia paper. When asked what was to become of the company, he said:

What's that got to do with it? You might as well ask me what is to become of the bill stickers. The company is nothing. You make me mad by asking such a question. Supposing the company should appear at the Opera House Monday night, who would go to see them? Nobody. You newspapers consider these cattle and ignore the star half the time. That's no proper way. I'm a newspaper man myself. As a matter of fact, Mr. Abbey will ship those who want to go home back to England. A good many I suppose will try to catch on in this country until next season when Miss Anderson may engage them.

It is a melancholy fact, but none the less a fact, that Miss Anderson's company was an aggregation of unmitigated duffers, artistically considered; but that scarcely justified Mr. Abbey's mouthpiece in taking advantage of their misfortune to heap public insult upon them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Abbey's proxy was misquoted.

The article on Sadlers' Wells Theatre, written and illustrated by Richard Marston, will be read with interest by many persons interested in stage history. It is a valuable contribution to theatrical records.

The circus, as usual, is hurting the business of the theatres. Its advent has come to be looked upon by managers as an unavoidable evil. The performance at the Madison Square Garden this year is practically the same old bag of tricks. In the vast quantity of acts the quality is a secondary consideration. People grow cross-eyed in the effort to take in all of the three-ringed razzle-dazzle. But the children like the glitter and bustle and blare, and it's the children that keep the circus alive.

THE CANADIAN CIRCUIT.

A movement is on foot at Toronto, Canada, to establish a Canadian circuit under the control of Manager O. B. Sheppard of the Toronto Grand Opera House.

A number of managers representing small cities and towns in Canada have hitherto been unable to book first-class attractions, and after a conference they have requested Manager Sheppard to do all the booking for them.

The scheme is intended to bring better attractions to the smaller cities than they have heretofore succeeded in obtaining, and in every respect, it is claimed, the projected movement will be in the best interests of the

profession, as it will effectually squelch pirate organizations and others of that ilk.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF.

An innovation in theatrical exchanges has been introduced by those successful and enterprising theatrical agents, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. Their bookings and work assumed such volume that to facilitate it the idea of centralizing representatives of all branches of the theatrical business in one building suitable for such a purpose suggested itself, and this they have carried out. They have moved into their new headquarters, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street, a few doors from Broadway.

The building is a large five-story structure, elegantly fitted up and admirably adapted to the uses for which it was designed. It will be the headquarters for managers of leading stars and combinations. Every branch of the theatrical business will be represented in this theatrical exchange. Consolidating the branches into which the agency business is subdivided will save out-of-town managers much valuable time. It will be the headquarters for C. B. Jefferson, H. S. Taylor, who will have his play bureau in the building; J. H. Eddy, Woolf D. Marks, Robert Fulford, W. C. Bryant, of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*; Newton Beers, Fred. G. Berger, the Central Lithographing Company, Mrs. C. H. Arthur's type-writing and phonograph offices, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, E. B. Jack, Clark Sammis, Joseph Brooks, A. G. Thomas, Ben Teal, Frank B. Murtha (uptown headquarters), J. C. Stewart, F. F. Proctor, Thomas Jefferson, E. A. MacFarland, Frank Curtis, W. W. Tillotson and many others.

Klaw and Erlanger's Theatrical Exchange will represent all the enterprises in which the above list of occupants of the new headquarters are interested.

MRS. FORREST'S CIRCUMSTANCES.

A report having been circulated to the effect that Catherine Sinclair, the wife of Edwin Forrest, was living in poverty in this city, a representative of THE MIRROR recently undertook the task of ascertaining whether the story had any foundation in fact. Happily for the good name of the dramatic profession, it was ascertained that it was a groundless rumor.

The lady in question is living comfortably and quietly in West Eighty-fourth Street, in this city, at the home of Henry Sedley. Mr. Sedley is a prominent New York editor, having been for years connected with the *Evening Post*, *Commercial-Advertiser* and *Herald*. He is a relative of Mrs. Sinclair Forrest by marriage. She is seventy-two years old, and though suffering from the ailments and feebleness incidental to old age, is in the possession of all her faculties. Mrs. Forrest has a number of relatives living. She has a beautiful home, surrounded by friends and the children of friends, who anticipate and gratify her wishes. It is incomprehensible how the rumor in question originated.

THEATRE BURNED.

The city building in which was located the Opera House, at Dover, N. H., was burned down to the ground on Friday morning last. The Opera house was remodeled two years ago at an expense of \$12,000 and was the principal place of amusement in the city. Manager Demeritt had bookings up to June with some of the best attractions on the road, which will all have to be canceled unless arrangements can be made to play them in Lowell's Opera House. It is a question as to whether the city will build an Opera House or whether a syndicate will take hold of it. In either case, Dover will have an Opera House second to none in New England.

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS.

Helen Bancroft, Jesse Butler, Josephine Cannon, Beatrice Ingram, Atkins Lawrence, Sam Hemple, Henry Talbot, James Outley and George A. Wall have been engaged by John A. Stevens for A Mask of Life, which opens at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, next Monday; J. F. Brien, Herbert A. Carr, Henry Lynn, S. R. Barry, H. F. Stone, W. H. Collings, Paul Mahon, Marie Cross, Kate Foley, Mary Wade Hamilton, Louise Halfer, Florence Bayard, Rachel Renard and Mable Lawrence for An Iron Creed, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, April 8; C. Valentine, Melvine Cravin, Wm. Humphrey and Ella Morgan for Robert Elsmere; Lizzie Gale for One of the Finest; Catherine Cogswell for Mrs. Langtry; Kate Blanche, T. F. O'Malley, Palmer Morgan, Henry Otley, Ada Levick, Florence Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Drew Morton, P. F. Backus, F. H. Keenan, Helen Parr, Lillian Chantore, George Nash, Mrs. Nash, Frank Pierson and David Murray for the production of Youth at Forepaugh's, Philadelphia.

Ullie Akerstrom, who is doing a splendid business in New England, introduced at Worcester, Mass., recently her new dance, arranged by herself, with music by the musical director of the company, K. Reginald, entitled the "Ullie Waltz." The dance made an emphatic success.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

GEORGE KENNINGTON has been engaged as business manager of Neil Burgess.

JACK SANFORD is spending the early Spring at Atlantic City, where he is taking hot salt-baths for his rheumatism. He is reported to be improving daily.

THE KENDALS will sail for this country on Sept. 21.

MILLIE RHEA's new play, The Case Vidal, will be given its first production at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, next Monday night.

GUSTAVE KAHN, business manager of Kiralfy's Black Crook combination has secured the American rights for Henry Pettitt's melodrama Hands Across the Sea and will produce that piece at the Boston Museum Sept. 2.

LITTLE ALFRED KLEIN of the Broadway Theatre, is ambitious in proportion to his size. Although well content to act in small parts until his opportunity arrives, he is confident that he will yet make a name for himself as Sancho Panza in Don Quixotte.

CHARLES E. VERNER closed his season of thirty weeks at Cohoes, in this State, on last Saturday, owing to the illness of his wife, Catherine Walsh. His next season will commence at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, in September. Only week stands and first-class theatres will be played next season, when a new play will be added to the repertoire. Time is nearly all booked. Mr. Verner will spend his vacation in Europe while his manager, T. H. Winnett, will go to the Hot Springs.

THE Lights and Shadows company closed its season at the Windsor Theatre on Saturday night last.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR commenced a week's special engagement at Rochester on last Monday night.

JEWELL SHERIDAN rejoined the Adams and Cook company at Bethlehem, Pa., on Friday last after two weeks absence in Buffalo, where she remained after the death of her mother. Etha Rossian meritoriously filled Miss Sheridan's place in the company in the meantime.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY LEIGHTON (Fand's Bernard) have closed with Louis James for next season. This is Mr. Leighton's third season with this organization.

HOWARD P. TAYLOR produced his new comedy drama, The Little Pauper, at the Standard Theatre, San Francisco, on the 17th inst., the play meeting with a most cordial reception, and the author receiving three curtain calls on the first act, two on the third, and two on the fourth. Besides this he was the recipient of many floral offerings. The Little Pauper will probably be followed by the production of some other plays by Mr. Taylor.

GUS BURNS and J. Melville Janson sail for Paris in June and will appear at the Folies Bergères in song and dance with French dialogue, both comedians speaking that language perfectly.

FLORENCE MERRILL is winning much praise for her work with T. J. Farron's Help company.

KATIE PUTNAM will be supported on her Australian tour by the following artists: Nelly Strickland, Emma Sprague, George C. Boniface, Jr., H. B. Emery and L. M. Edgar, with Matt L. Berry as manager. These people will sail from San Francisco on May 4, on the steamship *Alameda*. The balance of the company have been engaged in Melbourne.

THE Takaragawa, Sugimoto and Mitsuta Japanese troupes are to be consolidated and made a feature of the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrel company next season. The three troupes will aggregate twenty-seven Orientals. Gardini's Venetian band will also be imported from Italy to assist in the new first-part production of next season.

HATTIE L. RICHMOND announces her retirement from the stage.

CARVER B. CLINE has received an offer to take the business management of the American Orchestra at the Paris Exposition.

EDWARD GIGUARE, the well-known Buttons of the Kindergarten company, has been secured for a year for the He, She, Him and Her company.

THE impression that has gone abroad that Thatcher, Primrose and West are to appear personally in the performance of their new musical comedy, Up to the Times, is an entirely erroneous one. The gentlemen named are very well satisfied both with the artistic and financial results of their careers as minstrels, and are merely offering an attraction that they consider new in the line of musical comedy to their patrons. This they propose to stage in a manner worthy their reputation, without resorting to any trickery or deceit relative to their individual services. They simply own, control and assume all risks in the undertaking which they will manage, being represented by Ed. Marble.

W. B. MOORE has purchased all the American rights in Pierre Leclurq's Love Story which is now being played at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, and which was found to be one of the successes of the season there. The play is a most beautiful one and will probably be seen here next season.

GEORGE HOBY is writing a heroic play for Robert Mantell. The first act was read to that actor and his manager on Sunday last, and approved of by both.

ROBERT L. DOWNING is suffering from sore throat contracted through a cold. His physicians advise rest for a few days as exertion might prove injurious and in consequence Manager Mack has decided to close the season for the present, opening again in this city on April 22, and continuing until June 1.

JOHNSTONE BENNETT, who made such a great hit in Mrs. Allan Arthur's new play, Honor Bright, at the Madison Square Theatre, has been offered an Irish character part in Mrs. Doremus' play, A Wild Idea which is soon to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre for a charitable object.

AT THE THEATRES.

MADISON SQUARE.—HONOR BRIGHT.

Honor Bright..... Emily Rigi
 Madeleine Bright..... Dorothy Dorr
 Molly Bright..... Johnston Bennett
 Mrs. J. B. Bonanza..... Madge Baron
 Lloyd Stuyvesant..... Louis Massen
 Mark Field..... Henry Miller
 George Scott..... Henry Woodruff
 Joey B. Bonanza..... George Parkhurst
 Howell Livingston..... Walden Ramsey

Mrs. Allen Arthur (the *nom de plume* of a clever woman of this city) produced her comedy, *Honor Bright*, on last Thursday afternoon at the Madison Square Theatre. The piece had had a somewhat restless time before it was finally put on. First Manager Frohman accepted it for the Lyceum. A hitch occurring it was submitted for a second time to Manager Palmer, who accepted it. It was put in rehearsal by the regular company and afterward withdrawn. Finally the author undertook the responsibilities of engaging a special cast and bringing it out herself.

The weakness of *Honor Bright* lies in its plot, which is shadowy and uncertain, and the unfolding of it, which is lame and halting. The dialogue is exceptionally bright and sparkling in the comedy scenes, while there are one or two serious passages that are treated with a power which indicates a capacity for sturdier, more praiseworthy work. The scene between Madeleine and Mark in the third act is intensely strong. The underplot, in which the young people, Molly and George, are concerned, is dainty and refreshing. The character of the heroine is somewhat complex, and makes little appeal to the sympathies of the spectator. The characters are singularly ill-balanced. Madeleine and Molly are drawn with skill; Bonanza and Lloyd are positively irritating.

In its present form the play is unlikely to achieve a place in public favor. But there is so much in it indicative of a writer of brains and originality that it is to be hoped Mrs. Allen Arthur will profit by the mistakes of this effort and persevere.

Several members of the cast worked ably and conscientiously for the success of the work; others were careless and obviously ill-prepared. Miss Rigi was unintelligible of utterance and extravagant in manner, as usual. Strange to say, she was at her best in the comedy scenes allotted to the role of Honor. Miss Dorr, in spite of her artificiality of speech and carriage, infused tenderness and pathos into the character of Madeleine. Johnston Bennett made the hit of the performance as Molly, her piquant lip and directly assumed air of ingenuousness capitalizing the author's idea. She was excellently seconded by Harry Woodruff as George. Indeed, these young people gave more pleasure to the audience than all their associates combined.

Mr. Ramsey was admirable as Livingston, the society host. He has not done such good work in some time. Mark Field was unevenly acted by Mr. Miller. Mr. Parkhurst as Bonanza was an intolerable bore. Mr. Massen as the fiery Stuyvesant was out of his element.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—THE PAYMASTER.

Duncan B. Harrison's successful play *The Paymaster*, was presented at the Fourteenth Street on Monday night to a packed house. This presentation is in many respects the best that the play has had. The company has been materially strengthened and new scenery has been specially painted. Duncan B. Harrison as Robert Emmet O'Connor, the Paymaster, was natural, earnest and intelligent, and held the interest and sympathy of the audience throughout. John F. Ward as Larry O'Brien was decidedly clever and made a pronounced hit. Beatrice Lieb was artistic and pleasing as Ethel Milly. Fraser Coulter, Neil O'Brien, Hardee Kirkland, Henry J. Morgan, Rene Penelle, Annie Alliston and Gertie Granville Hart were satisfactory in their respective roles. After the third act the entire company assembled on the stage while Neil O'Brien, on behalf of the members of the company, presented Mr. Harrison with a handsome sword and sash, the occasion being Mr. Harrison's birthday. Mr. O'Brien made an appropriate speech which was gracefully responded to by Mr. Harrison, who said that by a strange coincidence his natal day was also the natal day of *The Paymaster*. That although the play was presented for the first time one year ago in San Francisco he considered the present occasion as really its first proper production owing to the generous manner in which the management of the theatre had mounted it. The play ran smoothly and at many points aroused the audience to enthusiastic applause. One scene in the third act, *The Banks of the Inslavogue River*, is very pretty and deserving of mention. An *Iron Creed* is announced for April 8.

GRAND.—THE CORSAIR.

There was a revival of *The Corsair* by Rice's Burlesque company at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The audience was large and decidedly appreciative. The burlesque still retains its brisk dialogue, catchy music and humorous "business" that marked its successful production at the Bijou last season. The cast was somewhat altered, yet not

to the depreciation of the performance. The part of Conrad, originated by Annie Summer-ville, is now played, and nicely, too, by Annie M. Perkins. Lillie Blow, an attractive young lady with a pleasing voice, was Medora. Caprice Van Lissa, as Gulnare, looked pretty and not only displayed much personal charm, but considerable dramatic ability as well. Amelia Grover was seen only in a dancing specialty, which evoked applause. The parts of Birbanto, Syng Smaul and Yussuf were fittingly filled by Geo. A. Schiller, S. W. Wade and Richard O'Gorman, respectively. They are a trio of clever comedians and accepted every opportunity to cause mirth. Geo. K. Portescue, with his "sylph-like" form, made an odd Zulima. He appeared in the last act as Little Lord Fauntleroy and convulsed the house. Jas. S. Moffit was Ali Getthere, a silent and trusty henchman. Edwin S. Tarr made a dignified Pasha. The chorus was large and well disciplined. The scenery and appurtenances were the same as used at the original production. Mrs. Langtry next week.

WINDSOR.—LATER ON.

Later On is a potent attraction at the Windsor this week. Its boisterous fun and musical potpourri was enthusiastically received. Fred Hallen and Joe Hart are favorites with the patrons of the Windsor and are both good representatives of the refined vaudeville class of comedians. John T. Kelly also appears in his element as a variety stage Irishman. Georgie Parker dances effectively. Bernard Dyllan, Hilda Thomas, Flora Zaffretta, Lillie Maehl, Dottie Morton, W. R. Guiberson and four good-looking young women complete a telling cast. The programme announces that Mrs. Potter will play "later on" in April at the Windsor.

STANDARD.—HOWARD ATHENEUM CO.

An audience that filled every part of the house enjoyed the performance of the Athenaeum Company at the Standard on Monday evening, and judging by the quality of the audience one would say that a specialty entertainment such as given here fills a place in theatrical needs, as long as all unnecessary vulgarity and horse-play are avoided.

The performers are about all equally good, and were all rewarded with the same amount of applause. It would be advisable for Messrs. Wood and Shepherd to moderate their cornet playing a little in such a small theatre as the Standard, unless they wish to be sued for damages by people who value their hearing apparatus.

PEOPLE'S.—HELD BY THE ENEMY.

Held by the Enemy was played at the People's Theatre on Monday night to a fair audience. William Gillette played the part of Mr. Bean, but he does not compare favorably with other actors in the interpretation of his own lines. Major Stamburg was well played by C. W. Stokes and William Harcourt was excellent as Col. Prescott. The rendering of Surgeon Fielding by H. A. Moray left little to be desired. Charles Foster's Uncle Rufus was touching. Alice Gray was clever in the role of Euphemia. Mabel Bert as Rachel was graceful, dignified and strong in her acting. The amusing role of Susan was played by Minnie Dupree along its subordinate lines in a way which provoked much laughter by her *naïveté* and doll-like appearance. But in the cathedral scene she betrayed her want of serious power. The general support was excellent. Next week *The Highest Bidder*.

THIRD AVENUE.—PECK'S BAD BOY.

A large audience laughed over the curious pranks of Peck's Bad Boy at the Third Avenue on Monday evening. Several new specialties were introduced and greatly enjoyed. The cast included Ed. J. Keron, Harry Crandall, Warren Ashley, Marie Heath, and Susie Fulton. Next week, Hazel Kirke.

THALIA.—A BOY HERO.

The sensational nautical melodrama *A Boy Hero*, or *Held in Slavery*, was seen at the Thalia on Monday evening by a large audience. Martin Hayden as the young sailor Julian and Eugenie Besserer as Jennie La Rouche came in for plenty of applause. A number of specialties were introduced in the shape of songs and dances, which the audience thoroughly enjoyed. Next week, Pat Rooney.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

Mr. Pastor's completion of a quarter of a century as a manager of refined vaudeville entertainment is being celebrated this week at his pretty theatre, which is frequented by the best classes.

Mr. Pastor has always deserved well of our public, and they are not lacking in appreciation. His stage presents clean and clever performances which are far more enjoyable than most of the horse-play "abundances" of the Hoyt species and which make no pretensions to being anything else than just what they are.

The bill for the present week is attractive and varied, including such favorites as John Kernell, Edwin French, Lillie Western, and the Inman Sisters, besides many others who

in song, dance, or comic interlude are able to wile away an evening most agreeably.

AT OTHER HOUSES.

The Marquise, contrary to expectation, is a decided success at the Lyceum, where crowded houses have prevailed since the first night.

A *Midnight Bell* is ringing in lots of people at the Bijou, where it is in its fourth week of popular success.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is as much of a favorite with big and little folks as the circus, and the Broadway is not suffering in the least apparently from the show at the Garden.

Captain Swift goes smoothly onward at the Madison Square. Mrs. Booth, Mr. Holland, Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Stoddart continue to give an especial interest to the performance by their finished and artistic acting.

M. Coquelin's opening at the Star receives attention elsewhere. Last night *Le Juif Polonais* (known to us as *The Bells*) was given. During the rest of the week there will be a constant change of bill. Next Monday Miss Coghlan will appear here in *Jocelyn*.

The County Fair at Proctor's, *A Gold Mine* at the Fifth Avenue, *The Old Homestead* at the Academy, *Nadja* at the Casino, *Kellar* at Dockstader's and *A Dark Secret* at Niblo's are all doing fairly.

On Monday next the McCaull company will resign *Boccaccio* in favor of a new operetta, *The May Queen*, for which an elaborate production is promised.

At the Park Theatre McNooney's *Visit*, rechristened 4-11-44, has been given since last Thursday night to delighted houses. Mr. Harrigan and his clever company are seen to excellent advantage in this amusing localism.

HARLEM'S NEW THEATRE.

The new West-End Theatre, at Harlem, will be a palatial edifice and an ornament to the amusement temples of the metropolis. The site is one of the finest in Harlem, being located on the northeast corner of Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street. The edifice has been designed by Architect George H. Griebel, who has done some fine architectural work in this city.

The new theatre will be in the Byzantine style of architecture, with Oriental composition in its details. The first story walls will be faced with heavy blocks of dark brown stone, quay faced, and the stories above will be of red brick laid in Flemish bond, with stone trimmings and ornamented with panels, and running courses of moulded brick terra-cotta and carved stone. The roof will be covered by red tiles, and will be crowned by a lofty tower.

The grand entrance on Seventh Avenue, which will be thirty-three feet wide, will be quite an architectural feature. It will have three large serial arches of cut and carved stone, with columns of polished granite and handsomely carved caps and bases. There will be heavy projecting balconies above, with stone corbels for the upper series of arches, surmounted by an open balcony. These will be flanked by two pavilions. The facade on One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Street will distinctly outline the auditorium and stage.

As the theatre must be built under the new fire law, it will be fire-proof throughout and provided with many exits. A novel feature will be introduced by Mr. Griebel in the construction, by an ingenious arrangement—that of concealing the necessary but unsightly fire-escapes by a series of arches extending along the auditorium walls from street to roof, making the West End Theatre the safest in the country.

The auditorium is reached from the main entrance, opening upon a magnificent foyer (on the right and left of which are music rooms, ladies' parlor and gentlemen's smoking room.)

The proscenium boxes of oriental architecture and draperies of cloth of gold are upon a new plan affording a fine view of the entire stage. The sight lines of the auditorium generally are notably well studied. There will not be a seat from which there will not be complete command of the whole of the stage.

The balconies are reached from right and left by magnificent staircases from the foyer below, each opening upon a richly decorated foyer above. The balconies are deep without interfering with the view below, and are placed at an angle rendering a view of the stage easy and pleasant.

A second novel feature in the construction of this beautiful theatre is a ladies' private parlor between the orchestra and first balcony which is reached from the auditorium by an easy staircase.

The auditorium will have a seating capacity of 2,100, but Manager Wood will sacrifice 500 seats so that there shall be considerable space between the rows to avoid the crowding and inconvenience which usually takes place in most theatres in getting to, and from seats. By an ingenious arrangement of passages there is ample space in the aisles of the auditorium, reducing the natural difficulties of theatre exits to the minimum, which makes this building the safest and most convenient theatre in the United States.

The decorations will be of the most elab-

orate description, but at the same time will vary between the Oriental, Arabian, Moorish and Russian, thus avoiding the sameness so often seen in theatres.

The stage will be one of the largest, most inviting and comfortable that professionals can find, and it will be possible to produce with satisfaction without crowding the most elaborate spectacular pieces.

Under the scientific plan of its designer George H. Griebel, the West End Theatre is certain to have definite acoustic qualities of the highest order. Musical tones will be kept well in the body of the house instead of rising rapidly upward.

The theatre will be illuminated throughout by incandescent electric lights; the heating and ventilation will be by the newest machinery. The approved pressure system will be used for ventilation by pumping fresh air from the tower, a distance of 120 feet into the auditorium, making it cool and delightful when the house is full.

The entire frontage will be 276 feet, of which 101 feet will be on Seventh Avenue and 175 feet on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, occupying seven full lots, and the entire building is to be devoted to theatrical purposes only.

The general strength of the West End Theatre as well as its architectural features, are certain to excite favorable comment when they are studied. A large force of workmen are now excavating and the work will be pushed forward rapidly.

It is the intention of Mr. A. H. Wood, the sole proprietor and manager, to open his handsome theatre to the public by October next, with a strong stock company. A new play will be the opening attraction.

CUES.

CORINNE opened in Monte Cristo, Jr., at the Corinne Lyceum in Buffalo on Monday night to a crowded house, the standing room sign being displayed before eight o'clock.

HARRY LEE in *The Cavalier* is reported to have made a pronounced success at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, where he opened on Monday night, the star and company having been most enthusiastically received.

The second of the series of lectures and readings by Grace Greenwood (Mrs. L. K. Lippincott) and Anna Warren Story, will take place to-morrow (Thursday) evening at the residence of Mrs. Munger, No. 24 West Twenty-Sixth Street. The ladies will be assisted by Maud Powell, the violinist.

Owing to the close of the season of the Drifting Apart company, Walter Perkins is at liberty.

KITTIE RHODES presented Clarence Bennett, her stage manager and scenic artist with a valuable one and a half carat diamond stud last week as a mark of her appreciation of his faithful and conscientious work during the season.

W. H. CRANE has secured the services of Harry Braham for next season.

E. L. DUNNE does not go with the *Among the Pines* company, preferring to remain in this city for the present.

BARRY AND FAY will begin a two weeks' engagement at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on April 14. William Harris, of Rich and Harris, wagered a \$75 suit of clothes with Manager Hooley that they will play to a big round sum which is mentioned.

THOS. AINLEY, the advance representative of W. J. Scanlan, sailed for England yesterday (Tuesday) on the *Wisconsin*. On Tuesday next Gus Pitou, accompanied by his brother, sail on the *Nevada*.

ROBERT ELSMEER will be given its first production at Bridgeport, Ct., to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

J. H. BROWNE will make his first appearance in *A Gold Mine* company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on next Monday evening.

The veteran Gabriel Harrison will publish in May, "Edwin Forrest, the Actor and the Man." The edition will be limited to two hundred copies. There will be ten illustrations, by the photographer process, consisting of portraits of Forrest in his most famous characters, Edmund Kean, Quin and Barry. The price will be \$6 a copy.

FRANK O'BRIEN, who was at one time the private secretary of and business manager for Steele Mackaye, and who was latterly a brilliant newspaper correspondent in Washington, died in that city lately from pneumonia contracted during the inauguration.

TOM WEBBER, who has been re-engaged for next season with Rose Coghlan declares his engagement with that artiste as the best and the pleasantest he has ever had in his twenty years' experience. He will play the roles of Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Harcourt Courtley, Michel in *Jocelyn*, Triplets and the Prince in *Forget-Me-Not*.

DUNCAN B. HARRISON celebrated his birthday and the anniversary of the first production of *The Paymaster*, simultaneously with the opening of his engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday night, when the company presented him with a sword, a gold belt, two scabbards, a silk sash and a pair of gold spurs. Last week he was elected a member of the Paradise Club, and in return for the compliment presented that organization with a pair of Llewellyn setters. To-morrow Mr. Harrison will take his first degree in the Masonic order.

EDWIN F. MAYO denies that he is to go out with the He, She, Him and Her company. Instead of that he will be seen in his own comedy, *The Silver Age*. Forty-two weeks of week stands have already been booked for next season, and the present one which has been financially successful, will close about the middle of June.

MR. AYRES REJOINS.

In common with most of the readers of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, I like very much pretty nearly everything Mr. Wheeler writes. I certainly, and I have no doubt they, generally, agree with him when he says, in language as felicitous as it is figurative, that human beings are equipped with a furnace, a pump and a battery.

We have all of us seen a good many actors and preachers and stump speakers that had these three rhetorical requisites and, so far as we could discover, no others. Of having any brains they gave no evidence. Now this is the kind of actor Mr. Wheeler, it would seem, delights in; but I don't. Such actors have nothing to offer but fuss, fury and artificiality.

If they have genius, their genius must really be situated where Mr. Wheeler says genius is situated—in the nerve centres; or, if I may be allowed a suggestion, it may be situated in the midriff. As for knowing anything about the art of playing these fellows don't. No, nor do they wish to know anything about the art of playing. They think their pumping, their seething and their bellowing is the beginning and end of stage personation. The idea of projecting an occasional gleam of intelligence into what they do seems never to penetrate a single one of their nerve centres, much less their heads. Theirs is the kind of histrionism that while it makes the groundlings howl with delight, is seriously objected to by the judicious, who unless I greatly err, do and always will, prefer the kind of acting that is the work of the brain.

I think Mr. Wheeler is all wrong when he says that that undefined thing we call genius is situated in the nerve centres. I can't believe it. But this, perhaps, is owing to my being a bit incredulous and rather slow to accept the new. Aptitude of what kind soever I have always thought has its abiding place in the brain and nowhere else, and the thing we call genius I have always looked upon as being only a high order of understanding, and not as something that certain fortunate persons have the faculty to spool up on their nerve centres to be unwound at chosen times.

It would be interesting to know whether or not Mr. Wheeler locates special aptitude for different vocations in different nerve centres; whether or not the pioneer nervologist herein proceeds after the fashion of the pioneer bumpologist.

Says Mr. Wheeler: "Human beings, unfortunately for these teachers who open shops, come into the world with a preordained equipment. They have a developing soul; they have vocal chords; they have affections and appetencies and emotions. All the elements of good acting are there in man and woman. They are not laid on afterward by an artificial process."

If Mr. Wheeler would intimate by this paragraph that "these teachers who open shops" ever pretend to manufacture developing souls, vocal cords, appetencies or emotions, and that I am one of the said teachers, why then I would now here and solemnly protest that I have never been or pretended to be engaged in the manufacture of developing souls, appetencies or emotions, things that, by the way, do not seem to be the "elements of good acting," though Mr. Wheeler does say they are, but rather the *requisites*. Such things as good elocution, good gesticulation, good facial expression, ease, repose and the like seem to me to be the *elements* of good acting.

Mr. Wheeler continues:

If you maltreat a child it will not have to inquire of "Blair's Rhetoric" or of "Ayers' Verbafist" how to express its terror, its indignation, its helplessness. If you stab your neighbor he will not send for a rhetorician to inquire how he shall scream for help, or for a master of emotion to know how he shall defend himself."

Mr. Wheeler in his happiest moments never has given utterance to anything truer than this. Indeed, these assertions are so true and their presentation is so clear that even elucidation would be supererogation.

But suppose we didn't maltreat Mr. Wheeler's child at all, but only *pretended* to maltreat it; and suppose we didn't stab Mr. Wheeler's man at all, but only *pretended* to stab him, and demanded of the said child and of the said man that they should express terror and scream for help as though they were really maltreated and stabbed respectively—how then?

Acting (stage playing) is all make-believe. There's nothing real about it. The moment make-believe gives place to reality we no longer have acting; we have reality.

The actor's spontaneity is mere make-believe and it is when his brain is doing him the best service that his so-called spontaneity most appears like the real thing.

Yes, I know very well what contemporaneous distinction was made between Kean and Kemble, and consequently I know right well that although Mr. Wheeler cites Kean as one of the great ones, remarkable for his kind of spontaneity, *i. e.*, for that kind of spontaneity that is produced by unconscious cerebration, that he was none

such, if we can believe the accounts we have of him. It is said that Kean would make his le-speeches during the brief pauses in his fieriest scenes to his fellow actors and to persons standing at the wings. Such speeches, for example, as: "Eh, that's the time I hit them!" or if his auditors seemed unappreciative, such speeches as: "Damn the darts! nothing can rouse them." At such times the great Edmund was, for sure, not "beyond the conditions of conscious volition;" was not in that empyrean, that highest heaven, to which the histrion ascends, says the plum'd and pinion'd Mr. Wheeler when he gives us his level best.

Do I, as Mr. Wheeler says, group in one sweeping generalization actors that are wholly unlike? Perhaps; but if I do, it does not matter since whatever an actor's temperament and methods may be he must, if he would even approach excellence, so handle his body and his words that all he does has none of the appearance of being the result of study, of having been prearranged, in other words all must appear to be spontaneous. This must be alike true of your Forrests and your Macreadies, of your Rachels and your Ristoris, your Jeffersons and your Morriszes. No one of them must appear self-conscious. Self-consciousness is at all times and in all places a spoil-all. Nothing could be further from the facts than what Mr. Wheeler says about the great Forrest: "Mr. Forrest's greatest triumphs," Mr. Wheeler says, "were not the result of study, mental application or intellectual provision." And then further on he tells us that it was only during the latter part of Mr. Forrest's career that he became a student.

Now the facts are these: Forrest was always one of the closest of students. Had he not been would it have been possible for him ever to become the precisionist he was? It could almost be said of Forrest that he never mispronounced a word, never misplaced an emphasis or made a wrong inflection. Herein he was quite unlike any present, cisatlantic player of serious parts. I do not believe that a more intellectual or a more correct, a more scholarly player than Edwin Forrest was, has ever lived. In this respect he was truly wonderful, and yet, as we all know, his early educational advantages were very limited. It was the fashion in Forrest's time and it is still the fashion to call Mr. Forrest a physical actor. The reason is obvious. It was because he possessed more of the physical than any other actor of his time. The wonderful intellectual Forrest put into his acting was not appreciated by one in a thousand of even his more cultured auditors. What percentage of our most cultured theatregoers ever notice whether or not an actor reads intelligently? One in a hundred? Hardly!

Such a believer was Mr. Forrest in study that he did not admit that his wonderful voice was a gift of nature. "The world thinks," said he to me, "that my voice is God-given. Not at all. It's the product of culture, of practice. When I went on the stage, I got Dr. Rush's book and I studied it, and when I didn't understand anything I went to Dr. Rush and got him to explain it. Then I practiced. That's the way I came by my voice."

Then how did he acquire his extraordinary knowledge of and skill in the art of delivery, and his absolute mastery of the orthodoxy of our arbitrary English? Does Mr. Wheeler think, perhaps, that Mr. Forrest absorbed these things when he went swimming in the Schuylkill?

When Mr. Forrest went on the stage he took lessons of one Lemuel G. White, who was a pupil of James Fennell, an Englishman that came to this country about 1785 and died in Philadelphia in 1815. Fennell was one of the most accomplished men of his time and was a tragedian of very nearly the first rank. White, like Forrest, was a precisionist. In using the word *precisionist* I would be understood to mean one that is not satisfied with the approximate; one that would be absolutely correct; one that, for example, in reading is content to work at a passage just as long as any betterment in the delivery seems possible. There was nothing slap-dash, haphazard or chaotic about anything Mr. Forrest ever did. No, nor is there about what anybody does that is worthy to be called a dramatic artist. There are some slapdashers that are quite successful entertainers, but they are not artists. Their fuss and fury stir the ignorant but with the ignorant the stirring stops.

Mr. Edwin Forrest's greatest triumphs—like the greatest triumphs of all great actors—were the result of study, of mental application, of intellectual provision of cut-and-dried, prepared-beforehand brain effort.

In great histrionic personations there is no more of the slap-dash, of the haphazard and but little more of chance than there is in the successful representation of the human figure in marble.

Great actors are artists, not slapdashers; their doing is directed by their brains, not by their nerve-centres.

The topography of Mr. Wheeler's art-empyrean, of his art-heaven, of that mysterious—and misty—sphere he talks about, to ascend

to which the actor, he says takes leave—sensibly—of mundane things and surrenders his "developing soul," if not his maggot-breeding flesh, to his unconscious nerve centres—I say the topography of that realm where, and where only, according to Mr. Wheeler, the fires on art's altars burn with their very brightest brilliancy, is as little known to the actor as it is to the painter, to the poet, to the sculptor, or to the architect.

The actor, the dramatic artist, proceeds with his work step by step as much as does either painter, poet, or sculptor. But, unlike them, he never ceases here to heighten, there to soften, and everywhere to tone, to refine and to embellish. The characters he personates ever offer something on which to exercise his intelligence. So, at least, I have ever thought and still think, despite Mr. Wheeler's eloquent plea for nerve centres, unconscious cerebration and composite mysteries.

ALFRED AYRES.

A GREEN-ROOM PHANTASY.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Entrez!"

I push open a loose barn-like door and find my blonde friend attached to the handle on the inside, clad in a fine white *robe de chambre*, daintily trimmed in lace. Two long arms wind themselves almost twice about my neck, and a hearty resounding smack is planted on each cheek as I am half pulled, half pushed across the floor of the small unpainted, unpapered cobwebby-looking little cell which serves for an actor's dressing-room.

"How kind. I am so glad to see you—thinking of you to-day. Here—not much like home accommodations, are they? but this is only a "green-room," you know, and anything is good enough for actors to dress in. Sit down, sit down. We can have a delicious chat while I dress."

I am planted in an old arm-chair with a damaged cane seat, while my friend seats herself in one little better in front of a high square "dresser" or stand backed by a long mirror of excellent quality, the only decent piece of furniture in the room.

Upon the table (?) stand paraphernalia *extraordinaire*—pots, jars, bottles, brushes, pencils, a copy of the morning paper and a huge pair of hare's feet, foxy and long-haired and not over-fresh.

Crossing the folds of lace more securely across her white bosom and pulling the sleeves well up operations begin.

Agnio Fideio (Mrs. Butternut), Agnes Fielding, the leading star in a popular society drama, a girl of splendid proportions, very tall, very pallid, with large mouth, ashen hair and immense, glorious eyes that anticipate every tint of her mind. But she looks very plain and every day of thirty-five as she drops into the chair and, throwing both arms aloft, commences to rummage in the ashen locks with nimble fingers.

"What seems to be most necessary to a girl to get on the stage?"

Gilt hairpins drop like hail among the pots and jars and ashen locks drape the unpainted rungs of the old chair as with a shake of the head like a colt relieved of his bridle she repeats the words.

"To have been on the stage? There's the desideratum. You must have acted somewhere. How on earth they expect you to enter a profession with a recommendation for having already been in it, is more than I know but there you are—Midge, heat the irons, won't you?"—this to a small black-eyed creature with clean collar and cuffs who is busy tearing off pieces about two inches square from a roll of ordinary "toilette paper" and now lays them before her mistress.

The latter has been dampening her front bangs and neck-locks in perfume and now proceeds to wrap them up in the papers, tweaking them and pinching them into place as she peeps emphatically at me under her raised left arm.

"Where have you acted? Amateur, professional, with Huggerty Dumpty or a Janaschek makes no difference. Have you paraded the boards, faced the footlights, felt and got over stage-fright, found your voice, elocution, bah! study, bah! feeling bah, bah all of it! 'Go off and act and come back and tell me of it!' There's what they all say. Bricks without straw? I should say so!"

The slender fingers here plunge into a white crock and come out laden with a creamy grease which the fair barbarian proceeds to smear all over her face with great unction, rubbing well in till all the greasy appearance has disappeared. They then dive into a handsome Japanese bowl and fishing out a huge pompon of powder dash the contents all over the greased portions, rubbing and smoothing it carefully with a chamois skin—face, ears, neck, shoulders and arms—till she looks like a thoroughly whitewashed girl or a marble bust.

"Me?" with a look out of the hollow caverns in the ghastly surface that frightens me.

"Oh, dear me. I was a member of the 'June-bugs' you know—acted at a benefit—manager saw me—here I am. Luck all of it; luck you see!"

"That'll do Midge," who here draws from the gas-jet a small implement like a black sugar tong, and gripping each little papered roll of hair, squeezes it for a few seconds, thus accenting and accelerating the curling process which is taking place.

"No I don't like crimping-pins; I prefer paper."

"Elocution? Ah, elocution is no help to acting except in giving boldness to appear before people. It teaches 'made gestures' and a way of talking to the audience instead of to members of the company."

"Struggle? Oh, it's a terrible struggle when the salary is small. A terribly hard life, my dear, to anyone not furnished with a natural instinct for acting. To such all hardships are but as a lover's sickness to a lover."

"Those who succeed are the students. I always take up some line of reading or study while travelling. Speak French? Ah, *certainement. Il faut parler le Français maintenant.*"

Here the points of two small fingers are dipped into a smaller pot and come out blushing very red. These are smartly rubbed together first then the color is transferred to the weird cheeks, brow, temple, lower cheek, not too close under the eyes, but surprisingly far back into the hair and ears.

Seizing one of the pedal appendages of the innocent hare (which doubtless never course^d over so charming a hunting-ground) she rubs and brushes tenderly, gently and with great caution every particle of the coloring till it gradually merges into a crimson glow of real beauty.

"Never on earth set a stitch for myself. Stage clothes are as expensive now as for the parlor. Would you believe that I have \$25 a yard cut velvet and \$15 a yard brocade in that pile?"

I glance at the line indicated by the roseate fingers and see a goodly line of silks, velvets, trains, delicate laces and passementeries just as might hang in the closet of an up-town belle.

"No, I leave shopping to my dressmaker, she gets samples and plans styles according to my suggestion of what I require."

"C-o-o-m-e!"

The loose door is again opened and to my dismay the head of a man is thrust in, followed by two brown hands and two or three baskets of flowers.

"O, dear me for the girls! This is the fiftieth night, and I am sending them all little tokens."

She jumped from her seat in apparent oblivion of her condition, opening and dipping into and sniffling and examining the flowers and cards and finally dismisses the bearer on his errand of courtesy, all the while holding the dainty lace across her bosom, the hare's foot caught between finger and thumb.

Returning to her throne, in no wise disturbed by the little break, various manipulations take place. Lashes are curled upward with little combs which blacken them, lids are darkened, brows arched and corners of eyes extended.

"Watch the half hour bell, Midge, and let me know."

"The most painful thing about acting? O my! first nights. We suffer intolerably first nights. In fact till after the relief of the second appearance the first act goes for nothing with me. Cold as ice; throat stringent—I do myself no sort of justice!"

In very truth the slender fingers which are now unrolling the curl papers fairly tremble at remembrance of this the actor's test.

"Why? Oh, I can't tell. The critics—the horrible critics, angels or demons of our fate—are so easily influenced, so—"

"The half-hour, ma'am," from Midge, as a sharp gong sounds in the hallway.

"Midge, get my breeches."

"Ah, my riding suit, you silly!" answering my cry of astonishment while she combs out the fleecy fluffs over her smooth white brow, the "little rascals" on the nape of her neck and loosens the great coil on top of her shapely head.

Then comes the final examination with the handglass and a series of final manipulations, during which the white hands fly about among the pots and pencils—after the fashion of a Swiss bell-ringer among his bells—till all is complete.

Then with the assistance of the maid the "breeches" are donned, the becoming habit of dark green cloth, the well-fitting jacket with Directoire lappel and buttons, tiny boots to the calf and gauntlets to elbow, a great felt hat with waving plumes and dainty riding whip with dog's-head and monogram—not bearing the initials of the illustrious Butternut!

"I am about dying of dyspepsia to-night. What do I do when I'm sick? Ah, dear me, half the sickness in the world would be abolished, if the same pressure of action were brought to bear upon all invalids!"

"Time!" calls a supe at the barn door.

A turn of the head, half nervousness, half defiance; a brilliant smile, a quick embrace and God-speed and my plain friend Mrs. Butternut of thirty-five passes out before my eyes—La Belle Agnio Fideio—a blooming beauty of sixteen.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MANAGER HENDERSON REPLIES TO MR. THOMPSON.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, March 24, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In last week's MIRROR there is published an interview with Alfred Thompson, in which he purports to give the facts regarding the present difficulty between the Chicago Opera House and himself. I am averse to rushing into print, but the interview contains so many misstatements of fact and malicious reflections that I see no course left but to reply to them through your columns, if you will permit me to do so.

My association with Captain Thompson I will briefly state. Two years ago, with Mr. Joseph Brooks, I arranged with Captain Thompson to produce at the Chicago Opera House a spectacle called *The Arabian Nights*. Captain Thompson proposed to write the book. Though I knew nothing of his literary abilities I consented. The result was a book so bad that it could not be presented to the American public. We edited it as best we could, and with all our alterations it was, from one end of the country to the other, pronounced the worst libretto ever written, and that is saying a great deal when one remembers Captain Thompson's *Peppita* at Union Square. The elaborate manner, however, in which we mounted the piece saved it.

Next year I was more prudent. I arranged that for the book of *The Crystal Slipper* a writer of experience should be called in to collaborate with Captain Thompson. Mr. Harry B. Smith, of this city, was the writer selected. He so thoroughly discarded Thompson's book as to make his (Smith's) work practically original. For this we are at the present time paying Mr. Smith a royalty every night the piece is played. This certainly does not look as if Captain Thompson wrote *The Crystal Slipper*, but for what he did do, in the way of designing costumes, scenery and properties, we have paid him \$12,500 since last June and notwithstanding his insinuations there is not one cent of royalty due him at the present time.

This year the same contract relating to collaboration was in force. Captain Thompson quarreled with Mr. Smith and objected to his writing the book. I suggested Sidney Rosenfeld, but Captain Thompson said he could not write, and we discarded him. He suggested Mr. Chrystal, of the *Morning Journal*, in New York. I did not know whether that gentleman had the needed experience in this line of work, but I consented on condition that the book should be delivered to me complete on Jan. 1 last, so that if it were necessary I could get another writer. I did not care who wrote the book so long as it was good. About the first of January I learned that Mr. Chrystal was not writing the book, but Captain Thompson was. After the experience I had had with him I was naturally alarmed, and wrote him to bring his book, also his sketches of costumes and properties, along with him. About the 15th of January Captain Thompson arrived here. He had, I think, two sketches of trifling properties, three sketches of costumes and his third libretto. He read it to me. I asked him to consider it and to take counsel upon it. I took counsel, and the next day I wrote the following letter:

CHICAGO, Jan. 19, 1897.
Captain Alfred Thompson, Grand Pacific Hotel, City.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN.—Your manuscript of *The Blue Room* I have over carefully. So has Mr. Meade. I beg to state that it is utterly impossible for me to use your book. The reason I give for this is its entire lack of the elements which strike the sympathies of the American audience; it is a deficiency in characterization and it is lack of dramatic situation.

I write you this note because I do not wish to have an argument with you on the subject. If you are willing to let me have whatever scenario you have necessary for the piece, and permit me to have it written to suit me, as we did *The Crystal Slipper*, we will be perfectly willing to go on. If not, we must proceed in our own way to put together our play.

This closed that we take in a purely business one. We have everything to lose in this matter, you have nothing, and I am sure that just the same you choose to comply with what we put our money into. Very truly yours,
D. HENDERSON.

Upon the receipt of this letter Captain Thompson came to my office, and in the presence of witnesses stated that we did not know a libretto when we saw one; that he would not have any written to suit our needs, as our contract called for, and that he would attempt to present his book. We called him to the door, and he left. He returned with a new libretto, and we agreed to have him write the book. When he had written the book, we turned him out of our house.

Captain Thompson says that he submitted two acts of the book to Mr. Chrystal, who told him that nothing but a professional could suggest the necessity of a collaboration. Mr. Chrystal evidently is a man of honor.

The grounds of our refusal to accept his book will be made clear to everybody by the following extracts from it:

The play is entitled *The Blue Room*. The scene is laid at New York, a town on the River Gutter. In the first act, the father of Fatima, a beautiful girl, is killed by the father of the Blue Room.

"It is a blue room for the family, in which, sitting with a blue room of blue room, there are not many fathers who could have worked the power of the world."

Fatima, the young and ardent lover, enters with a letter.

"My, my, my," cries Sister Anna, "what are you doing with the letter?"

"I am going to give my love to my friends," says Sister Anna.

"We are waiting for you," cries Sister Anna, "we'll wait for you to come to this country."

"I am going to be as good as to withdraw to the kitchen," says Sister Anna, "and give me a chance to go."

"My dear Anna," cries Fatima, "what are you doing?"

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"My dear Anna," cries Fatima, "what are you doing?"

"I am going to be as good as to withdraw to the kitchen," says Sister Anna, "and give me a chance to go."

"Oh, golly, don't I feel a shiver up my back!" cries sister Anna.

"You shouldn't wear cheap bastles," remarks Fatima.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" says Anna, "if ever I had the Jimmy Jim-Jams it is now."

Bluebeard returns. "There's one key that I don't perceive," he says.

"What key? Ameri-key?" asks Anna.

"Ameri-key?" asks Fatima.

Unfaded by these flowers of wit, Bluebeard condemns Fatima to death.

"Oh, all ye heroines assist me!" she cries. "You, Mary, who have wedged your Winter's Tale. You, Kate Claxton, too often in Two Orphans seen. You, Lady Macbeth, long tried in a looking-glass. You, Cleopatra, murdering Shakespeare."

"By all the blue bastles on the blooming, my castle is attacked!" cries Bluebeard.

"I'll wipe the pavement with your whiskers," says Selim.

They fight, and that ends it.

Can any sane man see any possibility of doing anything with such a mass of rubbish? I did what any prudent manager would have done. I said that some writer of experience must write the book.

I named Clay Green. Thompson would only permit any writer selected to "edit" his book. He would not consent to have a new one written. I saw the utter impossibility of doing anything with the book and insisted. Captain Thompson took umbrage, severed all relations and returned to New York.

Next day I shipped what sketches of scenery we had were almost useless as models. Mr. Ernest Albert, an artist of reputation, and Mr. William Vogels, well known to everyone in the profession, are on our staff. This is their verdict, and had the contract been continued by Captain Thompson, we would have had, to a great extent, to rely upon the experience and ability of these two gentlemen.

Captain Thompson says that he has begun a lawsuit against me. I have not heard that he has, except through your columns, and I would be very likely to know something of it.

Captain Thompson says he has paid off \$25,000 indebtedness from *The Crystal Slipper*. As a matter of fact we have not had, and I hope never will have, \$25,000 of indebtedness; but if we had paid such a sum off, surely no honest man would blame us for doing so.

Now in conclusion permit me to say that without any aid from Captain Thompson in any direction, or without running any success of our common sense being affected by the gratification of his vanity, our annual spectacle will be presented at the time set.

Yours respectfully,
D. HENDERSON.

WILL MISS CLARA DOWNS EXPLAIN?

NEW YORK, March 25, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—I enclose a paragraph which happened to see in *Rockville*, in the *Rockville Journal*. In this paragraph the amazing statement is made, as one of the arguments advanced by an actress of experience against a pure-minded young girl's adoption of the stage as a profession, that "in many out-of-town theatres the men and women robe and disrobe in the same room."

The stage name of the lady to whom is attributed this remarkable utterance is Miss Clara Downs. Among the prominent companies with which the paragraph states that she has been acting are *The White Slave* organization, and latterly *Miss Penny Davenport's* company. The interviewer adds that the lady is at present playing with the latter company in *La Traviata* on tour.

Now, I do not know Miss Downs, but if there are any theatres East or West, North or South in America where "the men and women robe and disrobe in the same room" I am sure a list of them published in *THE MIRROR* would be of the greatest interest to the profession, and I hope you will obtain the facts on which this statement is based.

My own experience in this line has never been at all such as to give with an exception for the stage. I have shown the paragraph mentioned, however, to managers and others of the widest experience, who have been in playhouses of every class and these declare positively that not even in the lowest theatres or music halls of the Southwest is such a thing heard of as Miss Downs alludes to in her warning to girls with an inclination for the stage.

I am not of those who hold the optimistic opinion of persons who, preaching about the elevating influence of the modern stage, are blind to the frolics of its people, but it does make me indignant when an actress connected with such a company as *Miss Davenport's* utters a slander on her profession as monstrous, or, as I firmly believe, as entirely unfounded.

Am I right in this belief, or is the statement attributed to Miss Downs correct?

Yours very truly,
CELIS BLISS.

[Mrs. Charles Bliss, better known to her profession as Mrs. Whidden, but known to the public through the play-bills as *Miss Clara Downs*, is the way the *Rockville* paper refers to this person. We have never heard of her. Her statement, which justly excites the indignation of our correspondent, is utterly false so far as our somewhat extensive knowledge of the profession enables us to judge. If Miss Downs has any any heads whatever for the remarkable assertion she is alleged to have made she should promptly render the explanation which she clearly owes to herself and to the members of her calling. If Miss Downs is silent *Miss Davenport*, with whose company she is said to be connected, ought to take the matter in hand. *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR*.]

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.
NEW YORK, March 25, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In looking through a volume of the *London Magazine* for the year 1896, I had a notion of a comic opera, which opera strikes me as having been the same from which the libretto of *Indiana* obtained his plot. As I remember that charming little comedy when done by the McCulloughs, it is very like the *Blue Room*. *The London Magazine* for May, 1896, over it.

THEATRE ROYAL, DEURY LANE.
Saturday, May 4.

"This evening a new opera called *The Fair American*, written by Mr. Pilon, was performed the first time. The characters were as follows and then represented:

CHARACTERS. Performers.
Bluebeard. Mr. Palmer.
Admiral Dreadnought. Mr. Blandford.
Summers. Mr. Scott.
Bala. Mr. De-Bellamy.
Co-Annan. Mr. Pilon.
Pustillan. Mr. Wright.
Swiss. Mr. Phillips, etc.

WOMEN.
Angelica. Miss Phillips.
Charlotte. Miss Wheeler.
Mrs. Dreadnought. Mrs. Whidden.
Mrs. Blandford. Mrs. Whidden.
Mrs. Blandford. Mrs. Whidden.

This production is a comedy the work of Mr. Pilon, as the music is the composition of Mr. Carter.

The following is the plot of the drama: Angelica, who is an American, in the course of the troubles in that country, had been captured by the French, and had been released from captivity by Colonel Monckford, whose military duty precluded him from having done more than merely setting her at liberty. Angelica comes to England, and is on a visit to her Uncle Bala's, a man mechanically attached to method, who has arranged his occupation for twenty years to come, and has determined in consequence thereof to marry his daughter to Colonel Monckford, who is the son of a lord, notwithstanding Charlotte's previous attachment to Summers, a neighboring gentleman. Upon Colonel Monckford's arrival he proposes to his friend Summers to take his mistress off, and assist him in a consequence thereof. He then goes to his intended father-in-law's, as he supposes, and meets Angelica, whom he mistakes for Charlotte. He afterwards goes to the city where his friend Summers had deposited Charlotte, and the being informed that she is pursued, he brings her back to her

father's, under the supposition of protection, with a lady whom he was to be married to. Charlotte discovers that she is, as she thinks, betrayed, and Summers, who has passed out to Bala's, challenges Monckford, who discovers that Angelica is the niece of Bala, and in consequence thereof gives up all idea of rivalry to his friend Summers, and then, understanding his mistake, attaches to all his arrangements, consents to the union of his daughter and Summers; which, with the marriage of Monckford and Angelica, concludes the piece.

"Admiral Dreadnought is an epical character, who scarcely added anything to the interest of the piece, except giving the author an opportunity of paying compliments to integrity of manner, and on that occasion it was not inaptly said by one of the audience, that the author had in him, very well mixed up, a saline draught."

"In *Dreadnought* the Widow finds a protector in consequence of the courage of her husband, whose history has a very striking allusion to that of Capt. Penner, and is given in a very opposite song."

"The mistakes in the piece were of that kind which modern critics have called the *equivocal*, and containing much wit and humor, which were deservedly well received."

Now, Mr. Editor, this year of our Lord, 1897, we celebrate the sixth anniversary of the formation of government, why should not Mr. McCullough or Mr. Pilon, of the Boston Idealists, or Messrs. MacDonald, Barnabee and Earl, of the Bostonians, send to Mr. Angelica Harris, the present lessee and manager of the Broadway Theatre, London, and procure the score and prompt-book of *The Fair American* of copies of them, and produce the opera in this country this year just as it was written, music and words, with no horse-collar comedy or modern "gags"? It was probably the first opera given a hearing in England relating to our country, and this year would be peculiarly appropriate for its reproduction. Unless destroyed by some accident the manuscript still lingers in the library of the Deury Lane or possibly in the British Museum and could easily be found.

The copyright of the heirs of Messrs. Pilon and Carter ran out long ago, and it would probably be easy to obtain the work from Mr. Harris for a moderate sum. It seems to me that if the opera were properly advertised our American public would take a great interest in it this year. I would suggest that the artists be dressed in the picturesque costumes of the time, the ladies with powdered hair done high over a cushion and long-waisted, tight-fitting dresses made of rich brocade and damasks with fully plain skirts flowing over large hoops; the gentlemen with powdered hair and queues, knee breeches and buckled shoes. Hoping this letter may interest your readers and be the means of bringing this forgotten opera before the public, I am very respectfully,
P. B. E.

MR. JOHNSTON STEPS UP A HORNEY'S NEST.
CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., March 25, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—We herewith inclose you a letter signed by all the gentlemen of our company, by which you will see into some points of Mr. Johnston's character. We are sorry that you allowed Mr. Johnston to air his ill-temper in the columns of *THE MIRROR*, but since you have done so to our disadvantage please publish the letter from our company and also this one from us.

We have never had so bad-natured and troublesome an actor to handle. The system of fines was brought about through his conduct in not obeying stage directions.

We took Mr. Johnston in an emergency last season. We covered him from small parts which he had played with Mr. Bondman to the position of juvenile man with us, at a salary of \$10 a week. We engaged him this season on a verbal and written agreement that he would dress better and not repeat his offences, which were principally in constantly changing the manner of playing his various parts.

He was told before the whole company on various occasions that we would not tolerate him any longer, and he left us on a quibble because he knew he would have to go anyway.

Managers all over the country have complained seriously of him, and we have expressed some very bad impressions about him for our own sakes. Mr. Johnston does not deserve the distinction of being called a "horney," but we are willing to thus contradict his false tale of us in order that we may call attention of managers who may wish to engage him that he is a person to engage only on a written agreement of fines, as he is a most troublesome and unreliable actor. Respectfully,
MARIE PRESCOTT.
R. D. McLEAN.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., March 25, 1897.

We, the undersigned members of the Prescott-McLean company, do hereby testify that we have read a letter to Marie Prescott and Mr. McLean, written by Wm. J. Johnston, dated March 25, 1897, just after he left the company, in which he writes the following: "Never have I seen ladies and gentlemen treated so much like dogs." This is absolutely false. We have never been better treated. The season has been a long and prosperous one. As stage manager no one could have been more patient and kind than Miss Prescott. As financial manager no one could be more prompt than Mr. McLean. Our salaries have been paid to the minute. For which we hereby extend our public acknowledgment and thanks.

Mr. W. J. Johnston further threatens in his letter to them in language unfit to quote here, that "if he hears his name mentioned in an unkind manner by them," he will invent and circulate foul stories about the company. Which sentiments we condemn as vicious, slanderous and cowardly.

We have also read his letter to *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* of the 2d inst., in which he says that Miss Prescott fined him \$5 through malice, and insinuates that other members of the company have been similarly imposed upon. This is without a vestige of truth. She has only fined two of us during the season and for offences which merited more than the nominal sums she exacted. And we furthermore state that this system of fines was thoroughly understood and accepted by us.

JOHN WHITELEY, Manager; CYRUS DOUGLAS, Stage Manager; WM. HOWATT, Asst. Stage Manager; J. L. ANSTON, G. SANTINI, FRED. WEBER, JAS. D. HALLOCK.

THE THUGS WERE ANNOCKED OUT.
ROMA, Mich., March 25, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—I should like, through your courtesy to explain the alleged "row" in which I became involved in Port Huron last Thursday night.

At the close of our engagement, after nearly all the members of the company had left the theatre, two thugs, notorious in Port Huron, made the rounds of the dressing-rooms underdressed by the big-headed janitor and unconcerned baggage-man.

Upon reaching the room occupied by a lady prominent in the company and dear to every member of it, they assaulted her in the grossest and most deliberate manner.

I was fortunately able to knock them both down before they ran out into the darkness; but unfortunately, unable to be satisfied at that, I followed them and was knocked down with a slug shot and rather badly hurt. I am rapidly recovering, however, and my only regret is that I did not get the career of at least one of the blackguards. Respectfully,
EDWARD POLAND.
A Tin Soldier Company.

STILL A PART OF THE CHIEF.
TOLEDO, O., March 22, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—I presume you are willing to correct the erroneous statement made in your paper that "Lillian Melbourne had succeeded Jessie Bonstelle in *A Chip of the Old Block*." Thanks to the generosity of an appreciative and indulgent public, I still hold my own with a Scott and Mills and shall continue to do so until the end of the present season. Yours respectfully,
JESSIE BONSTELLE.

AN INSULTING HOTEL PROPRIETOR.
MARION, Ind., March 16, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—There has been a great deal said in your estimable paper about hotels and actors. Here is a fair specimen of the treatment received by us from the landlords of country hotels. A member of the Ma Van Cortland company, which bears the reputation of being composed of ladies and gentlemen

recently complained to Mr. Stubbs, the proprietor of the Stubbins House at this place, his room being both damp and cold, and asked to be changed. The reply was: "There isn't a room in my house either cold or damp. You just want something to kick at. If you were damp or chilly it's because your clothes aren't clean much about a hotel where he has to pay at the rate of \$5 a day for board that ought to be \$2.50. This man Stubbs hasn't a friend in Marion, and it is well to warn other companies coming here not to run chances of meeting with the same experience."

Yours truly,
R. C. CHAMBERLAIN.
Stage manager Ma Van Cortland Company.

FATEFUL DISCLOSURES.
WASHINGTON, March 21, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—Please contradict the statement made in last issue, whereby Whitman Osgood claims authorship of *C. K. Gardner's Fate*. Our present acting version was written by a tolerably well-known gentleman now deceased, named Bartley Campbell, and is the sole property of Charles K. Gardner, who has had much additional comedy added by well-known playwrights. It does not contain a line originated by Osgood, who believing himself superior to the talented author, prevailed on Mr. Gardner to allow him to prepare a new version, resulting in a play as exaggerated, so utterly undramatic and devoid of merit that it was dropped and never again continued; whereupon Osgood pirated the play, also only a Farmer's Daughter, which is also Mr. Gardner's private property, and started out barn-storming and met with an ignominious failure as a manager as when previously posing as an author.

T. C. HOWARD,
Manager Fate Company.

THE TYPES BLUNDERED.
ALBANY, N. Y., March 23, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In the last issue of your excellent paper you say "Milton Nobles will continue to be leading man with the White Slave company another season." It should have read Milton Nobles. Kindly make the correction and oblige, yours respectfully,
MILTON ROBLEE.

IN THE COURTS.
MME. PURCH-MAD'S \$11,100 VERDICT.

Mme. Emory Purch-Madi, the popular prima donna, last week before Judge Van Brunt and a jury in the Supreme Court recovered a verdict of \$11,100 against the National Conservatory of Music of America, known as the American School of Opera.

Mme. Purch-Madi was engaged as directress of the Conservatory for the season beginning Oct. 1, 1896 and terminating May 31, 1897. She was to receive as compensation for her services \$10,000, but she never received any salary, and brought suit to recover the full amount with interest.

The jury only took a few minutes to consider their verdict and decided for the directress. She was so elated at the result, that she took her lawyer, little Abe Hummel, in her arms and kissed him.

LOUIS PLACK'S PROPERTY ATTACHED.
Edward Simmons has brought an action in the Supreme Court against Louis W. Plack, of Albion, Pa., to recover \$500, alleged to be a balance due for scenery, theatrical appliances, and also work performed between August and October, 1897. Judge Lawrence has granted an attachment against the property of Plack in this State.

THE HANDGLASS.
The theatrical epidemic—tonsillitis—has become fashionable in New York, and the tailor-made girl now carries potato lozenges in her bonbonniere.

Manager Anson says that this is not Francis Wilson's "first offense."

And now Mrs. Langtry talks of going from Philadelphia to Lakewood for rest. Misguided woman! Where will she find a more tranquilly-quiet retreat than the city of scrapple and white stone steps?

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., gives as her reason for not appearing in opera that as she has a tender voice, she would be given male parts and have to wear tights. That is a very good reason for not wishing to appear in opera, but what is Mrs. Blaine's reason for not wishing to appear in tights? We are harassed with doubts.

John T. Raymond used to say that he had played "before the crowned heads of Europe and in Flushing." Notwithstanding that fact we feel obliged, from chivalrous motives, to take exception to the remarks of a reverend clergyman of that effect, who in a recent discourse remarked that "the best-looking girls do not dance." We would simply suggest that the gentleman see the London Gaiety Company, when we feel convinced that he would not only take back his rash remarks, but would voluntarily join the line of gilded youths at the stage-door, after which the mad whirl of Flushing society would know him no more.

The report that Mr. William Nye has been engaged to play the title role in the forthcoming production of Robert Blumens is, we are told, wholly without foundation.

An exchange says: "Miss Emma Abbott attends no particular church. She jumps into a carriage and tells the driver to take her to the nearest one." This blind, child-like trust in the driver is very touching.

A lady called at THE MIRROR office one day last week, and tendering three cents, asked shyly for the *Mail and Express*. An attempt was made to explain the misapprehension but she went away unconvinced. We feel our position keenly.

If the present Uncle Tom's Cabin system of doubling up continues in the West we will not be at all surprised to hear of a Fauntleroy company with a quartette of little Earls and a ballet of "Dearests."

Tommy Russell, with a pink rose in his belt, posed as a youthful Bonhomme at a Brooklyn "afternoon" last week while scores of little Kate Greenaway girls revolved around him and basked in his smile. Tommy is already beginning to feel the responsibilities of a professional beauty.

Marshall Wilder complains that there is no chance for the American actor in this country.

Josef Hoffman is coming back to New York next Fall. It cannot be denied that the "small boy" is asserting himself in spite of popular prejudice.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "A floating theatre is to be erected for the edification of amusement seekers in Russia." Why does not some live manager agitate this idea here? It would not only be a novel and taking enterprise, but would put an effectual damper on the young man who goes out between the acts.

Talking of dampness—the tank drama has been patented. Now if some one is able to find a patent star actress who can take the plunge and come up ending six nights in the week and a matinee, all will be well.

DALY'S TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Now that Mr. Daly's revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* has run its allotted, or at least its possible term, it is both proper and improving to comment upon what it has effected and how far the dramatic art has been benefited by it, either by its initial presentation or its reproduction. It has undoubtedly satisfied pronounced panegyrists of Mr. Daly, that his company, taken *en masse*, are quite competent to play pieces of a higher order than those emanating from the brains of German farce-writers, and even their puerile productions sometimes impose a limit to the capabilities of Mr. Daly's artists.

Touching *The Taming of the Shrew*, it is very comforting to believe that an old play, dated 1594, is responsible for nearly the whole of the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and that Shakespeare may be held blameless of originating such a compound of ineffective speeches and weak situations.

If these are ineffective in their writing, the performance of them by that portion of Augustin Daly's company appearing in the induction makes them unendurable. When this part commenced the tavern was opened and Christopher and the Hostess popped out like cuckoo-clock figures, performed certain mechanical motions, and then, there and thus started the evening's entertainment. Very much as it was started did it continue to the end, as regards the general action; which was plainly stiff, jerky and to a large extent mechanical.

The expediency of giving the induction at all, is so doubtful that it should at once have been abandoned, unless the manager was certain of doing it thoroughly well. He did not do it well, not even respectably, because the number of characters in it and the play is too large to show his company to any advantage. Numerically he was able to cast it twice over; artistically he could not cast it once. Of course some of the parts intrusted to the experienced members of the company were admirably played, but there were so many sticky performers coming and going throughout the play that the general result was very depressing.

A large part of Daly's small people have acquired a dull, doubting way of speaking, which is exceedingly annoying, and not a few either bite off the ends of their words or else allow their doubtless otherwise mellifluous voices to die away in whispers. The ventilation of the theatre is not very good, the lighting under the balconies is horrible and the programmes are printed in pale ink from minute type; yet to all that must be added those sad vocal defects on the part of the players of small parts which cuts off half the story. Added to these were the disappointing performances of some of the leading parts.

Miss Ada Rehan was entirely satisfactory although her voice indicated slight hoarseness. Charles Leclercq could not be surpassed as Grumio, and Curtis by Mrs. Gilbert, was a very excellent little bit of acting. Mr. Drew might play Petruchio a great deal better than he did if he would ask his esteemed mother to tell him what some of the old actors, with whom she has so often acted, did with the character. Mr. Lewis was not happy as Grumio, neither was the audience very jubilant at witnessing his performance. Katherine's and Petruchio's companions, male and female, who are all found comfortably wedded in the last act, were not a whit more interesting during celibacy than they proved to be when mated.

Whatever malign influence it is which directs the voices and movements of so many of Mr. Daly's players, should be changed without delay, for better and more natural modes of direction. The methods exhibited in this Shakespearean comedy doubtless answer in Americanized German farces, and if the popular applause shows that to be the case, then Mr. Daly should allow his people to appear in that class of work, and in no other. It may be said that Shakespeare's plays demand companies which cannot be procured. Granted. Then let the immortal Bard's works severely alone until the company demanded accretes and becomes sufficiently developed to do the work that cannot at present be creditably undertaken.

Fine leading comedy parts by this abstention will have to be given up, but the public will be decided gainers. One character, or even two or three, well played, will not now satisfy patrons of the theatre; they want the whole cast of the play in perfect shape. If therefore we cannot get it in Shakespeare company have regretfully enough to part we shall have with that worthy author for a while at any rate, and go on with works by men with minds a good deal below his and of less value.

In *The Taming of the Shrew* there are three serving men and a cook introduced in Petruchio's house. This introduction of the servants is perfectly right, of course, and according to the text, but upon what plea can Mr. Daly defend the clowning and the tumbling, such as knock-about artists would delight in, which these serving men and the cook were made to go through? Of course, several laughs were secured, but that is not only

no excuse—it is an aggravation. If what is shown is a comedy, any humor it contains must come out of it in a natural way and need not be kicked out of the persons of the actors engaged, or produced by making three or four players go through exactly the same movements at precisely the same moment, with identical grotesqueness, while all are dressed and made up exactly the same.

Fie, Mr. Daly, that is not comedy—that is pantomime, variety acting, circus fooling, or show-shop buffoonery. The Tailor, dressed like a prince, who brings on a white pantomime handbox, which every one at once knew he was to be crowned with on his exit, was shamefully treated in this version. In the simple, unpretentious Katherine and Petruchio this tailor's scene was always one of the most humorous and the quaintest of its kind, but not at all overstrained or vulgar. In the recent version, as "rearranged by Mr. Daly," nearly all the deviations from old and well considered pieces of business were vulgar, poor and valueless.

To Mr. James Lewis must be paid the doubtful compliment of saying that till his Grumio was witnessed it seemed impossible to think that so much sadness, almost amounting to gloom, could have been extracted from an avowably comic character. Did he, too, bow low to the direction of that great mind which dominated this performance? It was strange to note how very visibly the antic tricks practiced between Petruchio, Grumio, the tailor and the servants, affected Miss Rehan's acting. So much so that she could not resist joining in, and popping up and down, behind a bench. She is to be absolved of all blame because either she could not resist the impulse to take a hand in the horse-play, or else she also had been told it was the right thing to do. It was none the less incongruous and disagreeable to the reflective portion of the audience.

Mr. Drew, it is to be feared, will never greatly improve in the part, not even if his mother's genius imparts the business she has seen and knows. He has been praised so much, and, no doubt, also flattered, that he has come to think, maybe, that the "king can do no wrong." But yet he may safely be told that there is more genuine high comedy fun, more rollicking humor and more gallant bearing in the part of Petruchio, than he even approached in his recent performance. Physically, he should have been a taller, heavier man, but that, of course, is beyond his power to control, but he had the power to improve his impersonation and it is to be hoped he will if the piece is ever again presented, which "Heaven forefend."

Mr. Daly has been personally addressed in this article because it is generally understood that he is the sole arbiter of all matters upon his own stage, and becomes therefore responsible for all that is done. It is a pity to have to say that the dresses were ineffective as a rule, because, no doubt, they were expensive, but the truth is that they were not pretty and they very often produced certain discords of color which might have been easily avoided. Some of the men's dresses were of very inelegant cut. Suppose they were quite correct to a button of the exact date selected, whatever that may be, yet as a whole century was named, surely a perfectly pleasing fashion might have been hit on.

The waits between the acts were fearfully long and however well Mr. Widmer's band may play, and they play remarkably well, it is quite possible to have too much of its music. Those well-known, long-drawn-out, dreamy waltzes, which succeed the selected "between acts" pieces, are maddening to those afflicted with sensitive nerves, and when these have been played long enough to make the listeners forgetful of when they commenced, an ordinarily sensitive person gets to that point of irritability that he would almost quarrel with his mother-in-law. Pray, Mr. Daly, let this ever continuous band refreshment be ameliorated without delay in future.

The scenery was fairly good—some of it very nice indeed, but the banquet scene was most disappointing. Those staring white columns, that chalky-faced recumbent lion, against a moonlit sky and fronted by the many restless twinkling lights, made the players of very small account from the front, while at the background upon the terrace the singers, like a Sunday-school class stood staring through the whole action after they have so creditably got through Sir Henry Bishop's song, "Should He Upaid?" for the solo singing of which Miss Kitty Cheatham was deservedly honored.

In the passages and vestibules there is a lack of good ventilation, and an hour after the house is seated the aroma in the balcony is remembered better than it is liked. This should be seen to, for it proves most distressing to ladies, and even the sterner sex could dispense with it.

It may appear invidious to name all these matters as grievances, but as Mr. Daly poses *par excellence* as the model manager of America, he must be always ready to rectify any error, redress any abuse or adapt any play.

GLEANINGS.

ROBERT GRAU is booking the best theatres in the big cities for Queen Indigo and is now negotiating with a famous minstrel, whom he believes will turn out another Francis Wilson, to play the comedy role.

SEATS for The County Fair at Procter's Twenty-third Street Theatre are now being sold ten weeks in advance.

GEORGE W. LARSEN will leave the Fate company on Saturday night to join the Across the Atlantic company.

ROBERT EVANS, the stage manager of the Tivoli Theatre, San Francisco, has been engaged by Charles R. Gardiner for the He, She, Him and Her company to fill a similar position with that organization.

DAN QUINLAN, stage manager of George Wilson's Minstrels, will be tendered a benefit by that company in Elmira on April 5.

DANIEL SULLY passed through the city recently only stopping long enough to engage a few people for his new play, *Con Conroy & Co.* which is now in active rehearsal.

WILLIAM GILLETTE played The Private Secretary at the Park Theatre, Boston, last week, to receipts of \$6,600.

ONE of the new Wagner Compartment cars which are to be used on the New York and Chicago limited train of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, is to be on inspection at the Grand Central Station in this city to-day.

ARTHUR ELLIOTT, at present with Thomas W. Keene, has been engaged by Hi Henry to support Estelle Clayton next season.

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE, the play by Mr. Wilson the author of *Nordeck*, which was written for Mrs. D. P. Bowers, is now being read by A. M. Palmer. Its production by Mr. Palmer is a possible occurrence.

W. F. CALDER of Baltimore has bought, through the offices of Gustave Frohman, the exclusive right of Cheek for the United States and Canada commencing next season. This gentleman has authorized Mr. Frohman to engage a first-class company and will make a deposit in Mr. Frohman's bank sufficient to guarantee all bills contracted as well as the salaries of the company.

HARRY C. CLARKE and Messrs. Brooks, Chase and Alter, all of the Vernona Jarbeau company, were entertained at dinner by Mr. Buxton, in Detroit, on Saturday last. After the cigars, Mr. Buxton presented Mr. Clarke with a magnificent antique platinum ring set with a Ceylon cat's-eye and two large diamonds.

LILY ROWLEY, of Atlantic City, made her professional debut as Juliana in *The Honey-moon* on Tuesday evening last at the Grand Opera House in that city. She made a very favorable impression, although she was handicapped by an inefficient company. On the following night she played *Parthenia*, and the audience—a cosmopolitan and therefore a critical one—was unanimous in commendation of the work done by the young debutante. Miss Rowley is about to organize a competent company and her route for next season is being booked.

RUNNING WILD did a good week's business in New Orleans, where some changes were made in the company. C. F. Lorraine has been engaged to replace F. M. Kendrick and will also be vocal director. Ada Jones takes Mrs. Kendrick's part as Miss Podd. The company will play the Southern coast route back to New York, opening at the Lee Avenue Academy, Brooklyn, E. D., on May 6 for one week, thence by easy jumps to Omaha, where they open on June 3. They will then play the California circuit for a season of twelve weeks, closing at Kansas City on Aug. 24.

MRS. GEORGE WOODWARD, professionally known as Eugenie Lindeman, has resigned from the Effie Ellsler company and is traveling with her husband, who is playing the clergyman in *The Henrietta*.

EDWARD ROSE, after closing with Held by the Enemy company, was only one day out of an engagement, having been engaged for *The Red Roubie* company.

THE FLORENCE will play *Heart of Hearts* at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, next week, Mr. Florence being seen in the parts played by Messrs. Stoddart and Flockton during the run of the play at the Madison Square Theatre.

DORITA, a new American three-act comic opera by Mrs. E. Mary Raymond and Miss Betsy Ranker, will be produced at the Standard Theatre on April 22. The scenes are laid in Washington, Arizona and New Mexico. Both of the ladies are unknown to the theatrical world.

THE Australian Novelty company closed its season at Bridgeport, Conn., on Saturday last. The Austins will rest until April 8, when they go to San Francisco to fill a six weeks' engagement, opening there April 15.

THE Cora Van Tassel company closed at Roanoke, Va., last week and came to New York where they will reorganize after two weeks' rest and then play H. K. Jacobs' circuit.

MILL BARLOW, who is playing the title role in Webber and Clifford's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company, was presented with a gold watch and chain by his friends in Rochester on Thursday last. Harry Webber made the presentation during the last act of the performance at the Academy of Music. Mr. Barlow was taken so much by surprise that he could scarcely reply.

THREE well-dressed young men applied to the Bethlehem, Pa. police on Thursday last, for lodgings in the station house, claiming that they had walked from Scranton, where an opera company with which they had been connected had stranded. They left for Philadelphia next morning.

GEORGE LAURI will try a new musical version of Katti soon, opening a season of five or six weeks in New England on April 8. Harry Bell will be connected with him in the enterprise, for which Marietta Nash (Mrs. Lauri) and Frank Tannehill and wife have already been secured. Twenty weeks' time has been booked for next season.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

KATHLEEN MAYGOURNEEN IN BROOKLYN.

The Own Dramatic Association fittingly celebrated St. Patrick's Day with a production of the domestic Irish drama, *Kathleen Maygourneen*, at St. Malachi's Hall, Brooklyn. The place was unable to hold the large audience that applied for admission. Although considerable crudeness was manifested in several of the characters, the performance throughout was even and thoroughly enjoyable. Good advantage of the opportunity afforded by this place for picturesque stage settings was taken, and much credit is due the club for their labor in that direction. The bulk of the evening's work fell upon the shoulders of H. O'Donnell as Squire Kavanagh, Joseph J. Mooney as Terrence O'Moore and Miss J. Manal as Kathleen. Of the three, perhaps, Mr. O'Donnell was the most successful. His knowledge of stage business was very fair, and his conception and portrayal of the character consistent. Mr. Mooney was the good-hearted Irish lad his role pictures, and he sang several popular Irish melodies in a sweet voice. The Kathleen of Miss Manal was interesting and pleasing. The three villainous grave diggers were looked after by Bernard Reilly, L. J. Mulligan and W. Shelton, and they proved a capital trio. A good word is due W. J. Carr for his admirable impersonation of the good priest, Father O'Casidy. His climax at the end of the second act was a fine piece of work. The other characters were in the hands of L. N. Brennan, John V. Kennedy, Joseph McVine, John P. Hall, James Lent, and Misses E. Muir, A. Barrett and K. Brady. The entertainment closed with a new musical extravaganza entitled *Razzle-Dazzle*. The two characters, Prof. Razzle and Mr. Dazzle, being sustained by A. Mahony and James F. Shaughnessy.

HISTORIC STUDENTS.

St. John's Dramatic Club presented the Russian drama, *Wenlock of Wenlock* in the College Hall at Fordham, on the 6th inst. The audience was large and unstinting in its applause whenever occasion warranted. The play was well presented, and the rendering of the parts showed unmistakable signs of hard work. The portrayal of Wenlock, the Norman Baron, by John W. Heffernan was up to the mark and undoubtedly the hit of the evening. Ewan, Thomas J. Sinclair; Oasa, the Baron's Serf, J. J. O'Neill; Cagnawest, the Saxon nose trooper, J. R. Blum, and the Baron's jester, J. C. McNeilly were all cleverly interpreted by these gentlemen.

THE AMATEUR OPERA'S MUSICALS.

The Amateur Opera Association held a very successful musicale and reception on last Thursday evening at Kemsen Hall, Brooklyn; a more disagreeable evening could not have been set aside for the affair, but despite this, the hall was well filled. The audience was critical, comprising many prominent amateurs of both cities. The entertainment opened with a well rendered bass solo, *Hydras* the Cretan, by W. C. Kimball. Miss Blanche Taylor followed with the gavotte and rondo, from *Mignon*, and was deservedly encored, responding with *Answer*. Miss Bertha Bronsili, a motherly looking lady of some sixty-five years, came next with a violin solo, rendering the Hungarian Fantasia, and the Reverie with wonderful effect. Katherine Kavanagh sang *The Cradle Song* and *Tis I, charmingly*. Saidee V. Milne recited "Prompt Obedience," "Counting Out the Eggs" and "Charity," displaying considerable dramatic instinct in her rendition of all. Mr. E. J. Grant was the accompanist.

ST. THOMAS CLUB AT TURN HALL.

The St. Thomas Aquinas Dramatic Club gave an entertainment on the 6th inst., at Turn Hall Theatre, South Brooklyn. The first part of the programme consisted of a tenor solo by J. Cardin; duet, Mrs. F. B. Lambertson and Miss K. Dillon; baritone solo, J. W. Cady; basso solo, Hunt Trainor, and a recitation by T. Ulrich. The second part consisted forth a sketch entitled, *Confusion at a Railroad Station*, Messrs. McGown and Keenan assuming the principal roles. This was followed by a laughable farce called *A Ghost in a Pawnshop*. It proved a very clever little comedy and Messrs. MacKenzie, Budd, Egan and Van Pelt, who were in the leading characters, acquitted themselves creditably.

THE FROGS OF OLD WINDHAM.

A comic opera entitled *The Frogs of Old Windham* was produced by local amateurs at the Looper Opera House at Williamstown, Conn., last week. The argument is based on a satiric migration of frogs from the Windham ponds that occurred in the Summer of 1798, which was so torrid in temperature that it dried up all the marshes. About midnight on one of the sultriest nights of that Summer the frogs began their exodus, marching in solid columns right through the village. The horrible din raised by the croaking of the big bull-frogs (*Rana gigantea*) mingled with the shrill piping of the green or edible frog (*Rana esculenta*) scared the inhabitants of the village into the belief that they were about to be massacred by Indians or that the Day of Judgment had come. On the following day the true cause of the nocturnal pandemonium was learned. The opera, of course, is only interesting to the Windhamites, who packed the theatre on its production. E. W. Leavitt of Williamstown, is the author of the book, while Burton E. Leavitt, a promising young musician, composed the music of the score and orchestra. The entertainment was successful. The title and the treatment which this production admits of suggests the *Frogs of Aristophanes*, but there is no further point of resemblance. Aristophanes' *Frogs* was recently produced at an English University, several of the players masquerading as frogs, the moral of the great Greek comic dramatist being a satire on Euripides and the new schools of philosophy and rhetoric introduced into Athens.

NOTES.

A unique performance is to be given at the New York Berkeley Lyceum, in aid of the French Charity School in South Washington Square, on the evenings of March 27, 28. Annie Robe and Everett J. Wendell will appear in the comedietta, *A Happy Pair*. Several French amateur actors, who met with success in the performances they gave here last season, will also appear and act *Le Poudre Aux Lèvres*, M. Cocquelin, the French actor, has offered his services and he will serve as director of the production. The Columbia College corps de ballet will be on hand to repeat their dancing which was so successful in their last performance of Captain Kidd.

Harvard's Hasty Pudding Dramatic Club will hold their annual Spring theatricals at the New York Berkeley Lyceum from April 4 to 6. A burlesque on *Sheridan's The Duenna*, is announced as the attraction. The piece will be interspersed with considerable chorus singing and a grand ballet.

During Pauline Hall's illness, which prevented her from appearing in *Neddy* with the Casino road company, Annie O'Keefe, the well-known amateur opera singer, played her role with gratifying success.

M. E. O'Neal, who used to be one of the shining lights of the amateur stage a few seasons ago, will make his *re-appearance* with the Jerome Club at the Brooklyn Academy of Music shortly.

Company I, Seventh Regiment, is rehearsing a burlesque on *Mephistopheles*, which they will produce at the Metropolitan Opera House in aid of the Seaside Home next month.

The Irving and the Motive are the latest additions to the amateur ranks in Brooklyn. Both clubs have secured dates at the Warren Institute, where they will be seen shortly in dramatic performances.

A Night Off will be rendered at Odd Fellows' Hall, Brooklyn, this (Wednesday) evening by the members of the Ridgewood Dramatic Society.

The Pirates of Penzance is to be sung by the Young Men's Dramatic Association, attached to the All Souls' Church of Brooklyn, at Warren's Institute April 23 and 24.

Percy G. Williams, the clever comedian of the Amarantha, is sojourning at the Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla., with his family. He expects to return home in time to assist the Amarantha in the production of *The World*.

It is said that John C. Costello, the popular and possibly the best juvenile actor among the amateurs, has tendered his resignation to the Amarantha Society. Mr. Costello's action was stimulated, it is believed, by the dramatic committee's determination to chisel him for the rest of the season.

The Banker's Daughter is to be produced at the Lexington Avenue Opera House as a benefit performance on April 8. The cast will include Messrs. John C. Costello, T. J. Brennan, A. J. Hunsley and Lizzie Wallace.

STAGE STORIES.

A QUEEN OF THE AIR.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

That New York was hot and wickedly hot during the greater part of that Summer not even the ingenious newspaper editorial writer who constantly theme is the superiority of the city as a Summer resort could deny. Day after day the thermometer bravely tried to smash its own records while the unavailing watering carts only served to make the fact of the superabundance of dust more obtrusive to the wayfarer. Every one who could by any possibility get away had fled from the city as though it had been plague-stricken.

"And if I had not been the crassest sort of an idiot," said Dr. Philip Ferrars to himself, "I should never have consented to look after another man's practice as well as my own, and to put through three months in a temperature that would make a salamander perspire," and his handsome young face wrinkled itself into as cross an expression as it had ever been known to assume as he stood in the shade on the west side of Broadway, near Twenty-Sixth Street, debating whether it were worth while to cross the river of blinding sunlight which lay before him in order to seek the comparative coolness of Delmonico's opposite.

Dr. Philip Ferrars was possessed of a practice which bid fair to become in time one of the most extended in New York, but he was young and had only been married a year or two, and so when the opportunity offered he had been glad to take his old friend Dr. Ruggles' practice for the Summer in addition to his own, and had sent his wife off to some of her relatives on the coast of Maine. Of his own patients few were left in town, but he had found not a little of his time taken up in looking after those of old Ruggles, who had a large and fairly lucrative practice among the richer class of so-called Bohemians, actors, journalists and so forth. Still Dr. Ferrars often found the time drag heavily on his hands, and he was gloomily reflecting on the woful condition of a married man temporarily reduced to bachelor rank as he stood gazing over the street on this sweltering August afternoon.

At length he decided to make the plunge and started across Broadway through the clouds of dust a passing express-wagon had raised. He was half way over when he heard a hoarse shout, which was followed as though by an echo by a shrill scream, evidently that of a woman in fear or danger. Looking hurriedly up the street he saw a street car approaching with the horses at full gallop. They had evidently got beyond the control of the driver, and came plunging furiously through the cloud of dust. It was the red-faced driver, with one hand whirling round the brake, the other tugging at the reins, who was shouting so furiously, while the piercing scream proceeded from a young woman whose foot had caught in the rail as she crossed the street and caused her to stumble so that she lay stretched at full length almost under the hoofs of the excited horses. How Dr. Philip did it he never could exactly recount, but in a second he had sprung forward, picked the girl off the track with one hand, and checking the onward rush of the horses for a brief instant with the other and throwing them on to their haunches he had sprung with the girl in his arms to a place of safety on the sidewalk as the heavy car went lumbering past.

It was a simple act enough, but the girl, who was pretty, with soft brown eyes, a plump baby face, and a perfect figure shown to advantage by a trim-fitting dress of light Summer material, seemed to look upon him as a hero of romance. She thanked him with an adjectival profusion that made Philip cut her short almost rudely as he raised his hat and sought the welcome shelter of Delmonico's, while the rescued damsel adjusted her hat and veil, which her fall had disarranged, with a somewhat coquettish air, and tripped eastward along Twenty-sixth Street.

As Dr. Ferrars entered the café, at this season of the year almost deserted, he was greeted by a rumbling bass voice which proceeded from one of the tables near the windows which afford such excellent coigns of vantage for the observation of Broadway men, women and manners. The voice belonged to Arthur Proudfoot, city editor of the New York Daily Chronicle, and one of Dr. Phil's old school-fellows and college chums. He had observed the little incident in which his friend had played unwittingly so gallant a part, and began a heavy artillery fire of chaff and badinage in that peculiarly deep voice of his which came so queerly from his slight stoop-shouldered figure and thin, ascetic-looking face with its drooping yellow moustache. However, even Proudfoot could not make such a subject last forever and the two men were soon discussing a little dinner, the component parts of which were judiciously chosen with reference to the weather. Dinner over and the post-prandial cigars enjoyed, Proudfoot suggested that they should stroll over to the Madison Square Garden and spend an hour there before adjourning to the club.

The Madison Square Garden was that summer tenanted by William P. Ring's Great

International Circus. It had long been a pet scheme of old Bill Ring's to bring his show into New York during the Summer and exhibit in that city for at least three consecutive months. Aside from the value he would receive in the way of future advertisement "on the road," he had figured out that he could make a fair profit out of the venture itself. But he had counted upon an ordinary Summer. The fearful heat had upset all his calculations and Mr. Ring found he was losing a large amount of money each week, until he secured the services of Mlle. Lenoir, the "Queen of the Air," whose clever and original performance on the trapeze caused an influx of visitors to the circus which helped to redeem the losses of the early part of the season.

When Ferrars and Proudfoot entered the Garden the entertainment was more than half over, but they were in time to see the second of Mlle. Lenoir's acts. The first, as the journalist, who was a pretty constant visitor to the show, informed his friend, consisted of an extremely graceful and daring flying trapeze performance. When she appeared for the second time she was dressed in a close-fitting costume of black and silver, which showed off to perfection her tall, erect and well but not over-developed figure. After swinging for a few moments and going through some effective evolutions on the trapeze, she dropped lightly on to a species of platform placed at one end of the Garden, and bowed to the audience. Then she stood erect, her hands pressed closely to her side, and it was evident that the climax of her performance was about to arrive. The blaring band in the gallery ceased their strident strains, a hush fell over the audience scattered around the building, and there was a moment of intense silence. Then in a soft, musical voice, the girl gave the word of command to some unseen auditor, which rang with startling effect through the place. "Go!" she cried. There was a perceptible pause, and then like an arrow shot perpendicularly aloft from some stout bow pulled by a stouter arm, she mounted upwards with the silver spangles of her costume flashing rays of light around her towards the dark recesses of the open timber roof over head. The limit of her bird-like flight attained, and before she had time to fall, she seized a trapeze suspended ready to her hand, and arranged with some clever mechanical device so that, still clutching it, she flew through the air in an almost horizontal direction but slightly downwards, and so traversed the whole length of the building and alighted with no perceptible jar at the further end, while one roar of applause rose from the vast audience.

Ferrars found himself wildly clapping his hands in concert with the rest, and Proudfoot looking at him with an amused smile, observed:

"Clever act, isn't it? Come with me and I'll introduce you to old Ring," and taking Ferrars through various dark passages, the odor of which suggested to the young doctor a collection of antique livery stables, the two found themselves in a small office tenanted by a keen-eyed, rather stout individual with a gray goatee beard, cut in true Yankee fashion. This was the veteran old showman who in the course of the brief conversation which followed showed himself to be characteristic and amusing conversationalist. He was in the middle of an anecdote of the old circus days when a knock at the door was heard, followed immediately after by the entrance of a young woman whom Ferrars at once recognized as the damsel in distress whom he had rescued on Broadway that same afternoon. The recognition was mutual, but Dr. Philip was somewhat astonished when old Ring introduced the new-comer as Mlle. Lenoir. "My real name is Black, though," said the girl, "and I like all my friends, and I hope you are going to be one, to call me by it. Nellie Black: a horrid name isn't it? But it's the only one I can honestly call my own, for Lenoir is just for the billboards." And while old Ring and Proudfoot talked what they called business with an amusing intentness, for the journalist had a soft spot in his heart for all "show-people" and as far as he fairly could liked to give them a helping hand in his paper, the young performer chatted gaily away to Dr. Phil. He learned that though advertised as "from the London and Parisian Royal Cirques," she had been born and brought up in New York, her father being old Chris Black, the bareback rider, whom unlucky speculations and failing health had reduced to comparative poverty. It was to help him that the girl had learned the dangerous trade in which she had become so proficient, and brought up as she had been almost within sight of the circus tent it was evident that she was as good and pure a little body as could be found in the whole city of New York. She prattled away so artlessly to her companion that he became quite interested in her, and found himself asking her all sorts of questions about herself. She explained to him the *modus operandi* of her principal "act." How she was thrown upwards by the release of a huge spring, the trigger of which was pulled by the

invisible assistant a certain definite number of seconds after she gave the signal. "It is simple enough," said she, "and there is only one real difficulty about it. I have to hold myself perfectly rigid, and in an absolutely straight line, so that the spring may throw me upwards to exactly the same point every time. Were I to turn my head or move my body, I guess it would be all over with me. I should miss my catch above and come down with a thud;" but this cheerful prospect did not seem to alarm her in the slightest. And so she gaily talked until Proudfoot had finished his confabulation with old Ring, and took his friend off with him to the club.

Ferrars was undeniably interested in his new acquaintance, and the next few evenings found him at the Garden occupying a seat close to the platform from which she took her aerial flight.

A scarcely perceptible nod and smile told him that he was not unobserved of her, but as he was unknown to the attendants, and owing to a feeling he could hardly explain himself, did not care to ask Proudfoot to accompany him, he did not have an opportunity of meeting either Mlle. Lenoir or Mr. William P. Ring again.

After these nightly visits of his to the circus had continued for a week or so, he found a call awaiting him at Dr. Ruggles' office to a house on the East side of the town, in a respectable but unfashionable neighborhood. The name of the patient who required his services, according to the note, was Black, but the name possessed for him no significance, and it was a complete surprise to him to find that Mr. Christopher Black was none other than the father of Mlle. Lenoir. Having attended to the old fellow whose ailment was somewhat serious, Ferrars naturally renewed his acquaintanceship with the daughter, and found not a little pleasure in studying this unconventional personality.

The story of the next few weeks can be told in a few words. The illness of Chris Black rapidly developed until his death became a question of days rather than weeks, and Philip found himself constrained to visit the old man more than once every day. This naturally threw him into constant contact with Nellie, as he had now begun to call her, and there is no doubt that in some fashion he was much attracted by the girl. Every evening when engagements did not hinder he was at the circus, occupying always the same seat, and by degrees it became his regular habit to walk home with the young performer and take a final survey of his patient. Absorbed in his profession, with a mere corner of his heart devoted even to his wife, whom he had married more with an eye to his professional advancement than from any love, he might have felt for her, Ferrars was the last man in the world to become infatuated with a pretty face. In the present instance his only feeling towards Nellie was one of kindly and almost brotherly interest. On her part, however, the case was far different. Warmly impulsive, and despite her circus training, childishly ignorant of the world outside "the tents," she had but one construction to place on the physician's attentions to her. He must be in love with her, while she felt that for her life would be dark, indeed, without his presence. His fancied love for her and her undoubted passion for him, indeed, almost reconciled her to the approaching loss of the old father, who up to that time had been the one interest of her life.

So matters stood when Chris Black quietly breathed his last, and Philip, after comforting with what tenderness he possessed the weeping daughter, made his way home and letting himself into the silent home with his latch-key, found, to his surprise, his wife awaiting him. She had come to town to do a day's necessary shopping, and the telegram announcing her arrival had lain unheeded through the night on the hall table while Philip was trying to ease the last hours of the old circus rider. Of this, however, and of his intimacy with Nellie he said nothing to his wife; not that he was ashamed of it or felt that he was in the wrong, but simply because it never occurred to him that such details could interest anyone. Perfectly heartless himself, save when sickness or pain lay before him, and then he could be as tender as a woman, Philip sometimes enraged his friends by assuming that they were as little interested in their fellow human beings as he himself was, provided those same human beings were in the best of health. So it was that on this day he was able without a qualm to put all thoughts of poor Nellie sitting alone with her dead father and longing for the sight or touch of the man she loved so well completely out of his mind, and to devote himself to being agreeable to his wife, and after her shopping was over to taking her to dinner at Delmonico's.

So, too, when she expressed a desire to go to the circus and see the wonderful Mlle. Lenoir that every one at the shore had told her about. He assented without a thought of any unpleasant consequences and calmly strolled toward the circus with his wife and asked the ticket-seller for the seat he usually occupied and one next to it.

A few minutes afterwards he and his wife

were sitting in the circus watching Nellie swinging through the air and going through the first part of her performance, for though her father had died only that morning she had to do her "turn" as though nothing had happened. Philip and his wife had not long been in their places before the keen-eyed girl espied them. She gave a start of surprise which nearly caused her to miss her grasp of the trapeze as she caught sight of Philip's wife, who was leaning half over her husband so as to obtain a clearer view of the celebrated Mlle. Lenoir.

Her act over, Nellie, as she made her way to the dressing-room, ran against Arthur Proudfoot, who, contrary to all rules and regulations, was loitering in the passage chatting to Mons. Gilbert, "the Human Fly."

Nellie rushed impetuously up to him and burst out, "Who is that woman with Dr. Ferrars?"

"That woman," replied Arthur, who had met the doctor and his wife as they entered, "that woman is Mrs. Philip Ferrars, the doctor's wife, of course." Then catching sight of the ghastly contortion of the girl's face beneath its rouge and powder, he added, "Good God, Nellie, didn't you know that he was married?"

"What is it to you what I knew," retorted Nellie, and before he could add another word she had sped along the passage toward the dressing-room.

"Well, Master Phil," mused Arthur, "your pretty face has been getting you into trouble I fear," and then he continued to question the "Fly" as to how he managed to walk on the ceiling with his head hanging apoplectically downwards.

The show went on until it became time for Mlle. Lenoir to appear again. She emerged from her dressing-room with all traces of the tears she had been shedding concealed beneath the friendly powder but with a queer expression about her quivering little mouth. She had been trying to comfort herself with the thought that even if he were married Philip still cared for her more than for his wife, and though of course he could never be anything to her, this seemed to her to be some small comfort. However, her work was before her, and that must not be allowed to suffer, so mounting to the dizzy height she swung from trapeze to trapeze and was even more graceful than ever. So at least thought Philip, as he watched her, and then turned to his wife and told her in a matter-of-fact fashion how he had met the little performer and had got into the habit of attending the circus every night. Then Nellie descended to the platform, and standing within a few feet of Philip and his wife, began her preparations for her final display of skill.

The band, as usual, ceased its playing and as usual, too, the expectant hush fell upon the audience. A pin could have been heard to drop and in this silence Nellie heard the voice she knew so well saying in calm deliberate tones, "Yes, she's a pretty girl and a nice girl, too, considering the class she belongs to."

"She isn't bad-looking," came the answer in a woman's voice, which Nellie knew must belong to Philip's wife, "but I can't understand why you, of all men, should come night after night to see such a purely sensational performance."

Nellie almost forgot that she was in the midst of her performance in her eagerness to catch the answer, but she had not long to wait.

"Oh," said Dr. Philip airily, "if I must tell the truth, I feel sure that some day she will miss, and I am curious to see what the result will be. I shall come every night until she kills herself."

The cold-blooded cruelty of this answer nearly turned poor Nellie's brain. She felt it must be some dreadful nightmare she was experiencing, and then feeling that the audience were impatient at the long delay, her professional instinct asserted itself, she mechanically gave the signal "go" and then waited. But human nature asserted itself above mere training. Cost what it might she must turn her head. She did so, and gazed at the smiling good-humored, handsome Philip, setting behind her, one hand caressing his silky moustache, the other resting carelessly on his pretty wife's shoulder. The sight was too much for her tortured nerves. She made a movement forward, and at that moment the unwitting attendant beneath released the spring, and in a huddled heap the "Queen of the Air" was shot upwards to the roof to fall a moment afterwards crushed and almost lifeless to the ground.

A shriek burst from the crowd and Dr. Philip Ferrars sprang into the ring. He reached the poor quivering form before anyone else and raised it in his arms as tenderly as though he had loved her as she did him. She was still conscious, and turned her big eyes toward him as a wounded animal will look up at the hand which dealt it its death blow.

"A most interesting case," said Dr. Philip some time afterwards. "I have never seen so many separate fractures in a single subject before or since." And that was Nellie's epitaph as delivered by the man she loved.

THE OLDEST THEATRE.

SADLER'S
Wells Theatre, popularly

"The Wells," is believed, with good reason, to be the oldest in existence. It stands in a part of London which a century and a half ago was in the country near the Fleet river. East of the stream, on rising ground, some five or six mineral springs bubbled up. Having medicinal virtues, their owners established spas, with music rooms, to which fashionable loungers and invalids resorted as in the modern Baden Baden. One of those spas, the Bagnigge Wells, was the country residence of Nell Gwynne, while another, the Islington spa, was visited daily by the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of King George II. The most popular was a chalybeate spring—discovered in 1683—in the garden of one John Sadler, who kept a music room there. It used to attract 500 or 600 people every morning.

It is believed there were exhibitions of a theatrical nature at the music rooms at Sadler's Wells as far back as the Elizabethan era—there certainly was such sport as bear baiting. In Sadler's time the music room was a large wooden building. Up to May, 1698, it was called Sadler's Musical House and concerts were regularly advertised there, the orchestra consisting of "violins, hautboys, trumpets, drums!" In 1699 it was called Mile's Music House, and in that year great crowds used to go to see a man eat a live fowl! Macklin, the actor, who played there in his time, says that the fashionable people had seats reserved for them on the side of the stage, and he also says that Ned Ward's poem, "A Walk to Islington," correctly describes the theatre. The dress circle gallery was painted with the amorous legends of ancient mythology, such as Jupiter and Europa, Apollo and Daphne, etc. He also says that "in the pit were butchers, bailiffs, housebreakers, footpads, deerstealers and bullies, who smoked and swore, ate cheese-cakes and drank ale. One of the buffoons was a waiter; the female vocalist was followed by a piddler in scarlet and a child who danced a sword dance. After her

"—a young babe of grace,
With mercury in his teeth, galloway in his face,
In dancing a jig the chief of his grace is
In making strange monkey-like faces."

Macklin gives us the information that there were four or five performances daily, the length of which depended on circumstances. While one performance was going on there was a man outside counting up the crowd as they arrived. When he thought there was enough to make an audience he went inside and cried, "Is Hiram Fusterman here?" which was a signal to the management to cut short the show and get ready for the next.

Sadler died about 1700, and one Francis Forcer, a barrister, left the law to manage it, which he did, with variety entertainments, until 1730. It was then managed by a Mr. Bosoman, who in 1736 replaced it with a brick building at a cost of \$21,000. Old parts of the date of 1736 establish the identity of the present building with the same arcade—the principal addition has been raising the roof. It was surrounded by beautiful willows, elms and poplars.

A record of its former appearance and characteristic surroundings exists in one of Hogarth's prints called "Evening," published in 1736, in which the wooden theatre and the Sir Hugh Myddelton Inn are the subject of the background.

In 1745-6 scenery was introduced there for the harlequinades and variety entertainments, the admission to which included a pint of wine. In the latter year the two most popular productions were a ballet on the Battle of Culloden—of all subjects in the world!—and a dramatization of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," with songs by Lampe.

At this time the roads to London were dangerous and parties were escorted home from the theatre by a mounted patrol. The entertainments, however, were very attractive combined with the beer garden system. Foote wrote about it as follows:

"If at Sadler's Wells the wine should be thick,
The champagne be sour or Miss Wilkinson sick,
We hope that you'll find at our wine house at Drury,
We've a good assortment of goods, I assure ye."

The theatre has since become world famous. In the first place it is almost the very cradle of spectacular scenic art, dividing honors with Co-

vent Garden under John Rich's management, and Drury Lane when Clarkson Stanfield was the artist.

It was an acknowledged home of pantomime even when the marvelous clown Joe Grimaldi first appeared there as a monkey at the age of three, no less than 107 years ago, and its excellence in that regard remained unimpaired for a century.

Its position was for years almost romantic, and it is even now possessed of elements of the picturesque. The New river ran through its courtyard, skirted by immensely tall poplars, while close against the theatre stood a gigantic elm of venerable age which spread its branches over the river. Under those poplars the actors used to pace to learn their parts, and there poor Grimaldi used to saunter as long as he could use his limbs, and there I used as a boy to angle for sticklebacks with a bent pin for a hook. There was a favorite spot in the wall surrounding the courtyard where the urchins used to scramble up and lie on their stomachs on the wall to fish until disturbed by some stray policeman catching them in that position so favorable for a smart strapping with his waist belt. *Ex parte credo!*

Another thing about the large yard in front of the theatre in my young days was the line of apple stalls under the shelter of the long wall. The row of apple-women had at one end a baked potato vender, and next to him the parade was brought to a finish by a fried fish and trotter dealer, looking so clean in his white linen dress. As the "gods" approached the gallery door every evening the familiar cries greeted them: "Bill of the play, gents; bill of the play, erect bill of the play, a penny." "Apples and oranges. Apples, oranges

people that notwithstanding their professions of friendship to the manager or good fellowship with one another, the moment a cause of discontent, real or imaginary, presents itself to an individual, a hundred solid benefits and accommodations are forgotten, the manager spoken of as everything bad, brother performers abused as a set of d—d ungenerous, worthless beings, and the hero of the occasion declares himself everywhere to be the most injured being upon the face of the earth."

The elder Grimaldi was employed as a clown at this theatre where his famous son made his debut at the age of three in April, 1782, presumably at the Easter revival of the prior Christmas pantomime. Poor little Joe one night was being swung round by his father attached to a chain when the chain slipped and the mite of a monkey went flying into the pit. He had the charm of a cat's immunity, for he was none the worse!

What changes of fashion the old theatre has seen! At the period we speak of, when little Grimaldi was five years old, his parents used to dress him on Sundays in the fashionable costume of the time, and this was his rig: A green embroidered coat, white satin waistcoat, embroidered green knee breeches, white silk stockings, shoes with paste buckles, a shirt with a lace front cravat, a three-cornered hat, ruffles and a cane. There's a model for a modern dude to set the fashion with!

In 1786 Miss Romanzini (Mrs. Bland) made her debut there and two seasons later Braham, the greatest of all tenors, appeared. About that time Henry Siddons, husband of the great actress, became one of the proprietors. In 1801 Master Carey, "The Pupil of Nature," destined to become afterwards famous as Ed-

of Oblivion. This was the first piece in which Grimaldi spoke lines.

In 1802 the theatre was managed by Reeve, the composer, in partnership with the two Dibbins, and soon after the spring was first utilized for stage effect, and with good success, in what were called aqua-dramas.

The first of the water dramas was produced in 1804. It was The Siege of Gibraltar, model vessels being used to bombard the fortress. When the supply of water from the spring ran short the river was utilized, and Thomas Greenwood, the then scene painter, refers to it in his "Rhyming Reminiscences."

Attraction was needed the town to engage. So Dick emptied the river that year on the stage; The house overflowed and became quite the sea, And the Wells for some seasons went swimmingly on.

Up to 1820 the water piece formed a principal feature of the programme, being always the afterpiece, with the sensation water scene as the last act, so as to catch the "half-pricers." W. J. Lawrence, who is an English authority on Behind-the-scenes literature, says, in his entertaining brochure on "Water in Dramatic Art," that when the curtain was lowered the audience whiled away the time in listening to the water rushing into the tank. The whole stage was said to be raised to the gridiron to uncover the tank, which was 90 feet long by 23 wide, coming to within 6 feet of the footlights and deep enough for a man to either stand or swim in. In after years the stage was raised and the tank filled in sight of the audience. The waterfall effects were produced from a smaller tank at the roof. No end of ingenious and sensational business was done with the water, such as naval battles represented with small model war-ships and the like. In one piece, produced with much success in 1816, called Philip and His Dog, the startling business was that the villain of the piece threw an infant in the water, a dog rescued it, and then dragged in the villain to drown him. Rather strong melodramatic meat it must be allowed.

The Magic Minstrel or the Fairy Lake, The Prince, The Corsair, The Ghebor or the Fire Worshippers, Kaloc the Pirate Chief, The Ocean Fiend and the Infant's Peril, Sadak and Kalasrade, The Two Caliphs, The Battle of the Nile, The Wild Man, Philip and His Dog, etc., were among the tank dramas, and I have an impression (a floating one) that the legend of the Lorelei-Berg was aqua-dramatized as The Minstrel Spirit of the Rhine, though I am unable to verify it.

The success of the water drama period was interfered with by several false alarms of fire, one of which, on Oct. 15, 1807, was very serious, twenty-three people being trampled to death and hundreds injured in the stampede. The pantomime that night was Mother Goose. Grimaldi had finished and left the theatre, but hearing of a commotion went back. He saw a dense mob and finding he could not get through he plunged into the river and swam to where he could get to a dressing-room window. He opened it, and jumped in harlequin-fashion, but was horrified to find nine dead bodies in the room.

The cause of this panic was curious. The sky borders were called in theatrical slang the "blues." The master carpenter shouted up the flies the order: "Higher the blues," i. e., raise the sky borders. The audience heard it and fancied it was "fire in the blues," hence the stampede.

During the pantomime in May, 1811, Joe Grimaldi, who was playing at both the Wells and Covent Garden, got through his part one night and went out for a cab. It was a wet night and no carriage in sight so he started to run through it in his stage costume of a clown. The sight was novel and an enormous crowd kept up with him cheering the popular favorite till he got to the other theatre, where many of them rushed in to welcome him as he reached the stage. In 1817 he became a large shareholder in the theatre.

At about this year also occurred what was almost looked upon as a miracle. A party of sailors, including one who had been deaf and dumb for years from a nervous affection, attended the theatre. The deaf mute fell into such a paroxysm of laughter at Joe's antics that his nervous disease was dispelled and his powers restored to the astonishment of his friends. In 1819 Grimaldi first sang the famous "Hot Codlins." A boy was crushed to death in the crowd that night.

In 1821 Egerton, the actor, undertook the management. He induced Queen Caroline to visit the theatre in state, and for two seasons he industriously made everything unpopular and wound up with disaster, the abolition of the water drama being one of his mistakes.

Mr. Williams restored the fortunes with pony races and such plays as Mazeppa, and reintroduced the tank dramas in 1824. They remained a feature until 1833, when they were finally abolished, although water effects have been used incidentally since.

The spring is still in existence, and one of the funniest, unrehearsed businesses occurred in connection with it during Phelps' revival of Hamlet. The exit of the Ghost was beautifully managed. He entered, standing upon a traveling platform which came round a quadrant to the centre of the stage, where he stepped up a step, spoke his lines, stepped on



SADLER'S WELLS PIT AND GALLERY ENTRANCE.

and ginger beer." "Poked taters all hot" and "Trotters, trotters, fried fish and trotters." Many a time have I rushed out from the painting room to have a pennyworth of fish with plenty of salt on it. My young appetite relished it then better than I should Delmonico's choicest *à la now*; but I have a good authority on that point, for the great *chef-de-cuisine*, Soyer, used to indulge in the same luxury while preparing the banquets of princes.

In 1773 Roderigo gave up the management to King, the famous comedian of Covent Garden, who held it till 1782, when he sold it for £12,000. Charles Dibdin, the elder, began to write plays and songs for the house about 1775.

In 1780 Mark Lonsdale was conductor and had a hand in the management. One of his "instructions" for the call-board is quaint in terms and worthy of serious consideration. Its text is: "No person having benefits should be allowed to introduce new performers to sing songs or play particular characters; these chance bargains seldom turn out creditable to the theatre. On the contrary they often contribute to get the house into disrepute and disgust a number of visitors who think them part of the regular company provided for the season. The experience of every season must convince a stage manager that no point whatever is to be gained by giving what is called individual accommodations to any performer in the progress of business. It is better to go on with the regular chain of management under no restraint as to particular wishes of particular performers. In obliging one, either by calling rehearsals out of course or excusing such individual from business, you are certain to disoblige all the rest, for the members of a theatrical company are so much like other

mund Kean, appeared (his second appearance on any stage), and recited Rollo's speech from Pizarro. His great grandfather, Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," had written many ballad operas for the house. In 1803 Belzoni, the Egyptian traveler, appeared there as an athlete and performed prodigious feats of strength. He used to have an iron frame round his hips weighing 127 pounds, and by means of this eleven men mounted on him like a pyramid, and with this burden he used to walk round the stage. One night the floor gave way with the weight and plunged them all in the water!

In 1794 Thomas Dibdin, the famous song writer, took the management for a company of proprietors consisting principally of a Mr. Arnold, Mark Lonsdale and a Mr. Hughes, whose daughter married Grimaldi in April, 1798. Dibdin had to work harder than the modern playwrights, for he only got in his early days five guineas, i. e. twenty-six dollars, for a burletta. The first piece he produced there (he was actor, acting manager and playwright) was The Village Ghost, for which Reeve composed the music, and during that and the two following years he wrote and produced The Rival Loyalists, a burletta; Gaffer's Mistake, with music by Levesque; an allegorical burletta, entitled The Prospect of Peace (in which the famous song of the "Snug Little Island" occurs); a serious pantomime, The Death of David Rizzio; a burletta, The Pennyworth of Wit; a serious pantomime, The Ruins of Palluzzi; a burletta, The Magician, or the Invisible Hand, and a serious pantomime entitled Alonzo and Imogene. Dibdin, in 1796, became stage manager, when he produced a serious *ballet d'action* entitled Chevy Chase, and a serio-comic water pantomime, Sadak and Kalasrade, or the Waters

another traveler the other side, and was carried slowly up stage under a series of arches, game drops being let down as he passed so that he seemed to melt away in the distance. When the actor (ordinarily my father, Henry Marston,) reached the last arch he went through a trap and spoke his line "swear" with an excellent distance effect from under the stage. One night my father being indisposed, his understudy, an Irisman named Mellon, a good fellow with a tremendous brogue, took the part. All went well till the "swear" should have come from under the stage. No "swear" came. Phelps stood, sword in hand, waiting for the cue, and the house was in a dead silence. The prompter rushed behind. "Mr. Mellon, Mr. Mellon, why don't you swear?" A loud voice replied, in angry tones, heard all over the house: "How the h—ll and d—nation can a mon swear when he's up to the neck of him in wather-r." The house roared at that but was doubly convulsed at Phelps' "Rest, rest perturbed spirit," which followed.

The theatre used to be a resort for the notorious highwaymen, Claude Duval and Dick Turpin. Even up to 1820 the house was so much in the country that Myddelton Square (where stands the church which is seen in the illustrations) was an immense field where people used to be stopped and robbed on their road home from the play. To-day the parish in which Sadler's Wells is situated has a population greater than New York and

ing Mrs. Fitz-Williams to show her versatile talents.

The same season were produced Alfred and Matilda, Harlequin Hoax, Trick For Trick, Three Times Three, Spoiled Children, Red Riding Hood, The President and the Peasant's Daughter. These were mostly from Dibdin's fertile pen.

The season reopened on Boxing Day (the day after Christmas), 1825, with All in One Night, The Three Crumpies, and a comic Welsh pantomime, Merlin's Mount. Among other productions in 1826 were Black Spirits and White, The Duke and the Devil and Humphrey Clinker, The Talisman of Orosmanes, or Harlequin Made Happy, John of Calais, James of Pentonville, and Harlequin and Hudibras. The following season Mark Lonsdale's harlequinade, Baron Munchausen, was played. In these early days a curious custom was in vogue—the name of the next piece used to be exhibited on a proscenium border when the curtain fell.

One of the notable events in the history of this playhouse was Grimaldi's farewell benefit on St. Patrick's Day, 1828. By 1 o'clock in the day the courtyard was filled with more people than the theatre would hold. The play was by Dibdin, Sixes, or the Fiend. He had played forty-nine seasons on those boards. His last visit to any theatre was to Sadler's Wells on Jan. 29, 1839. It was a benefit for a clown, and the management had announced that it would be under the patronage of the

spectacular beauty never before nor since in any way approached. Phelps intended to produce all—he did produce thirty of them, occupying about 4,000 nights. Many of those truly wondrous spectacles have been described in THE MIRROR by other pens than mine, and so I refrain from more than a reference to them. The finest were probably Pericles, The Tempest, Antony and Cleopatra, Timon of Athens and Henry V. Hamlet ran for 400 nights. It is curious that although I passed all my student days in these productions I have never since leaving Sadler's Wells had to produce a Shakespearean play. The celebrated Fenton and Findlay, under whom I studied, were the artists.

The immense theatre is very weird and mysterious at night. I recollect being at work all night once in a property-room right up in the roof, where a stage carpenter had once hung himself from a cross beam. He was cut down, but the rope was left. I know that with the creaking and whistling of the wind, my imagination, always pretty vivid, was so wrought up that I could almost see him dangling at the end of the rope which gave a kind of human shriek every time the wind swayed it to and fro. I got so nervous that I began singing "Old Hundred." Fenton heard it and cried out to the paint boy, "Go up to Marston, he's scared into singing hymns." But the strangest place at night was the property-room filled with hundreds

Many great names have graced that stage and many actors well-known in America laid the foundation of their fame there. Mrs. S. F. Bateman managed the theatre after the Phelps and Greenwood regime, and Mrs. Warner was associated with Phelps at the first.

Many noteworthy stage effects were employed there at various times. It was in May, 1844, when Phelps opened with Macbeth, that the first important use was made of gauze curtains, a whole series of them being employed to cause the witches to fade gradually out of sight. In Pericles, Prince of Tyre, the whole stage was made a practical part of a moving ship. The ingenious aerial flight of Puck was a feature of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Several extraordinary uses of panorama effects were also made there.

The New river running by the theatre is the main source of the water supply of London, and is now enclosed in pipes to preserve its purity. It brings the water twenty-one miles. Sir Hugh Myddelton projected it, accomplished it, spent his fortune on it and died in the workhouse. The company is now so wealthy that the owners of a tenth part of a share have a splendid fortune. Afford me the space, if you can, Mr. Editor, to relate one of the most colossal pieces of ingratitude ever perpetrated. After more than two centuries of neglect the parish of Islington erected by subscription a statue to Myddel-



EXTERIOR OF SADLER'S WELLS.

the traveler must go four miles further to find a field.

In 1825 the proprietors (then Joe Grimaldi, his father-in-law, Hughes, a Mr. Jones, and a Mr. Dixon, a well-known horse auctioneer,) expended \$15,000 in improvements to the theatre and offered the management to Thomas Dibdin once more. He opened the house on Easter Monday, April 4, with a triple bill of Here We Are, The Great Gentleman in the Little Parlor, and a splendid melodramatic Eastern spectacle of Beauty in a Box. Some idea of these spectacles may be formed from the fact that once Mrs. Garrick complimented Dibdin on his enterprise in "thinking nothing of spending two or three thousand pounds on a single production." A fortnight later The Man and the Marquis was put on, and on May 23 a pantomime, Fairy Blue and Fairy Red. The remaining productions of that season were Jocko, the Brazilian Ape; an opera, Abyssinia; The Devil's in Dr. Faustus. The Lawyer, the Jew and the Yorkshireman. The Three Enchanted Girdles, Garrick and his Double, which became a favorite stock piece for years; a farce called East and West, and a farce entitled Curiosity Cured, or Powder for Peeping, described as being "written by a gentleman named Buckstone of the Cobourg Theatre." Rowland Buckstone's father had not then attained the celebrity which now surrounds his memory. The piece was performed as a *tour de force* for the purpose of allow-

veteran. A full house was at first disappointed at not seeing him, but in a duet between the clown and Jim Crow, the clown said:

Prithce tell me, Mr. Crow,
Why you look so full of glee?

JIM CROW—Why? 'Cos our old friend Joe
I'm delighted there to see.

CLOWN—Now he's here we'll welcome him
With a hearty three times three.

The house rose with deafening shouts. Poor Grimaldi crawled to the front of the box, faltered out some broken sentences about being overcome by the unexpected honor and that it was the last time he should ever see his friends, spread out both hands to the house, saying, "God bless you all," and fell back exhausted in the arms of a friend.

In 1832 the celebrated sailor actor, T. P. Cooke, made his first appearance there in Black-Eyed Susan. In 1833 the so-called patent invention of an elevator stage at Madison Square seems to have been forestalled at Sadler's Wells, where, to avoid "waits" in a play called The Island, founded on the mutiny of the *Roumy*, the stage, scenery and all was drawn up bodily into the roof. In the same year The Russian Mountains scored a great success. About that time a Mr. Honor became manager.

Then came the brilliant period of the Phelps and Greenwood management from 1844 to 1859, when the major part of Shakespeare's plays were put on the stage with a wealth of

of strange masks, the accumulation of a century of pantomime! They seem to wink and leer at you as if alive. One of the most characteristic illustrations by Cruikshank to Charles Dickens' "Life of Grimaldi" has reference to the gigantic masks.

The illustration on this page represents the stage end of the theatre seen from a portion of the courtyard. The old elm tree to the left, overhanging the river, had a girth of eighteen feet. It became dangerous a few years ago and was cut down. The colonnade was a shelter to the pit entrance. The wing near the elm was the box-office. The stage-door is the little shed. An old Italian addicted to snuff, named Coprani, was the stage-doorkeeper for many years, and many were the youthful pranks I and the late Julian Hicks played upon him. The poor old fellow came near being hanged on circumstantial evidence for the murder of his most intimate friend, but the real murderer was discovered in time.

The outbuilding with skylights at the rear was one of the paint-rooms, the other being in the roof between the lantern and the box-office building. The outbuilding beyond the stage-door was a scene dock. In the great Shakespearean plays the heavy sets were docketed on their proper sides and they were handled with military precision, "grips" being specially assigned to each side and each entrance.

ton on Islington Green, a few hundred yards from the theatre. The statue had a drinking fountain in its pedestal. The New River Company, the creature of Myddelton's intellect, were applied to to supply the water, which they refused to do except at the usual rates! The drinking fountain stands there dry, a monument, indeed, of base ingratitude. Stung by the comments of the press the Company then erected a trumpery stucco fountain in a wall near the theatre which they dedicated to Myddelton, but which a disgusted public pulled to pieces the day it was uncovered.

The illustration to this article, showing some of the features of the pit and gallery entrance on a Boxing Night, will recall early days to many distinguished members of the profession. The illustrations are faithful in their minutest details and are from sketches made on the spot in my student days.

R. Marston

What with Lenten observances, the circus and Talmage telling how Jonah dodged the gastric juices in the whale's belly our managers have a good deal of business opposition just at present.

THE ACTRESSES' CORNER.

MONEY.

It surely seems as if money should grow each Spring on the bushes, as do the leaves. Life is hard enough anyhow—ain't it?—without having to count dimes into dollars; but certain it is that until we get a bank-account, even a very small one, we are not free to work as we want to or to value things as we wish.

Therefore, say I, scrape and "go hungry" a little till you have some money saved. I know how necessary this is. I speak feelingly. I have a right to urge it, because I haven't made much of a success myself of saving and I know what it is to wish I had.

We are inclined to feel so cheerful and secure. Money each week is "sure." We have enough for our expenses and the little amount beside seems each week to exactly meet some small wish or need.

We even get so that instead of keeping by us from this week's money cash to pay even the coming week's board, we live on the future and can only pay up on pay-day.

How about falling sick, or losing a train, or spraining your ankle, or having a sudden flare up with the management which demands of your self-respect to withdraw at once from the company? All these things are likely to happen.

Or you meet old friends in some town. They were good to you last season. Now they are laid up in town, ill; there is a doctor's bill, a railroad fare to get them back to their company, etc., etc. These are the times one feels one's poverty.

Even fifty dollars in bank may pull you through some time when you sorely need it.

A part comes up; if you had a dress you might play it. It may be the turning-point in your career. Of course one can usually go in debt for a dress, but in such a case you feel the debt dangerous. You may make a failure instead of a success; you may not get the engagement you hope for.

You would willingly risk your own small bank account on the venture, but you either are afraid to go in debt or cannot get credit, and so the chance passes for want of even so small a sum saved as fifty dollars—a sum which in the depths of your fighting soul you know you might have saved perhaps twice over if you "hadn't been such a fool."

Summer comes. You are worn out. You need the rest as much for the sake of your work as for the good of your health, but you end the season "broken." You must play the Summer months, at any haggard salary you can get, too, maybe with a company that is not first-class. You have to fake up your dresses, all of which you know is taking wear out of them that you will need the next season.

Of course, if one is genuinely poor, if to meet all one's obligations every cent has had to go as fast as it was made, it's a different matter. Then we face the dreadful Summer season with a clear conscience and even a good deal of enthusiasm. A thing that can't and could not have been helped is always easy to face. I am weeping with the girl who knows she might have been ahead enough to have ruled, at least a month, if she "hadn't been such a fool" as to spend all her money.

Ah! for the good of a month in the country—way back somewhere—not a boarding-house crowded with Summer folk, where the girls sit on the piazza all day or play croquet and wait for the men to come up Saturday; but any old-fashioned, homely old house, just in the hills, where you can live on bread and milk, and see no one, and hear no one, and forget the theatre, remembering only—whisper it—your "art."

It is curious, is it not? Many a girl goes on the stage attracted by the "glitter," the excitement, etc., and after two years of it she finds herself building castles hidden away in silence, where one must follow overgrown paths through dim woods to get to the sunlight. Where there is no more insistent noise than the fall of water or the rustle of leaves; where the wind blows softly through open casements, swaying white curtains and straying branches, and where she "does nothing" all day.

I have no doubt she would go mad with two weeks of it—but she does dream it.

We get to a week stand after half a hundred one nights. The women heave a great sigh: "Oh, we are going to have such a lovely time!"

What are they going to do? Sleep late every morning and if they can afford it have their breakfasts brought up. There's a lovely time—than which nothing occurs to them more delightful.

How about glitter and excitement?

To get back to money; we are all liable to a silly pride about going to good hotels. It is silly pride. No one cares where we go, and if it comes to that, money in bank when Summer comes will gain no more respect than a glittering course through an entire season of "first-class" houses.

Besides, in almost all the small towns there is no first-class house. One hotel, probably the worst one, charges a first-class price, that is all.

While you take big risks if you do as I did the first season, and look down the list of hotels and take the cheapest, you will not only be wise but more comfortable than if you follow the some one that is always in a company who quietly goes to little places he or she is used to and has been going to "for years."

To be sure, you have to put up with lots of things. First there is the smell. Almost always there is the smell. It's a question after all, though, whether in queer towns the \$2.50 a day small isn't as bad as that for \$1 a day.

Then, there is no gas; also breakfast is usually at some heathenish hour in the morning.

The landlord and all the servants are at once on terms of easy fellowship with you. The red-handed, short-jacketed fellow who comes in to fix your fire sits back on his heels and lets it go out while he tells you all about his best girl.

The chambermaid screams at you from the next floor that she'll be "down in a minute," while you meantime having indulged in elaborate ablutions before you observed your room boasted no towel, dry off by the uncomfortable and dangerous method of evaporation.

The host himself answers your bell (if you have one), or your scream from the top of the stairs (if you haven't). He's just out of the bar or the kitchen. He is either very severe about young women always wanting things, or he smiles with an abundance of good nature that goes to your lonely heart and tells you that, dear me, he has two girls himself and how old are you?

When all the hotels are bad you are likely to get more amusement anyhow in the cheap one, and when your bill comes, \$1.00 or \$1.25, you feel yourself more than squared up.

There is another direction in which economy often means the most comfort. Washing.

If you wash your own handkerchiefs in the basin with hot water and the Castile soap you use for your hands, rinse them in cold water, and then spread them out on the looking glass, pressing them close till they lie against the glass perfectly smooth, on the window panes and on the marble top you may chance to have to table or bureau, you will have as many clean handkerchiefs home from "the wash" as you sent, and they will be white, will smell sweet and clean and will be smoothly "ironed" beside.

I could not guarantee you so much if you entrusted them to the wild-eyed old lady with demands your wash at the theatre by right of having washed for the house for years. Maybe she and the house divide up.

Knit shirts will wash better at home with the handkerchiefs than if you send them out. They will be cleaner and you won't have holes in them nor be stripped of the ribbons run through the neck.

Pay your bills yourself. If need be, go down to the office and do it. There are always mistakes. Particularly is the clerk careless if he knows a third party is paying.

Clerks have their regular programme of cardsharps.

They charge for fire whether you have them or not, or they run in a few extra fires. You can't very well have four fires in two days can you? but they will artfully sprinkle fire around in the till.

They charge you for breakfast the day you come, when you get in so late that you had to scramble for dinner; or they charge you for breakfast for the next morning when you are going—five o'clock next morning—though you can't get any breakfast.

When two men together they put "fire" on both bills, and the lunch that you paid for when it was brought up you find, on comparing bills in the cars, is charged to both.

You pay each morning for your papers, and they are all down in the bill. Likewise "laundry" is down, when you gave all you had to the woman at the theatre.

All these things you won't have time to think of if you have your bill till you are going; always pay the night before, or several hours before.

There is another little trick. A friend calls; you are pressed for time. You cannot leave the dining room. He comes in and sits at the table with you. Having "just had dinner," he does not partake.

The head waiter mysteriously departs toward the office and "extra meals" appears on your bill and is erased with every evidence of suspicion and distrust by the clerk.

Crackers are not, as a steady diet, healthful, but you can get a jolly lot of them for ten cents and for that matter they are more appetizing than the chunk of dry bread and the hunk of ragged ham you are likely to find in your room as the lunch ordered and which will be charged at twenty-five cents.

Besides you can get a little loaf if you like. I have been told no good would come of eating apples at night, but I have eaten many a lunch at midnight of bread and an apple and I live to tell it.

Where there is a party of four or five you can cook delightful suppers. The oil lamp and the gas business for heating water and the necessary sauce-pan and fork or two, are among four or five easily carried.

We used to have hot chicken stew. Yes, indeed! You buy a can of pressed chicken. Out of the can and into the sauce-pan it goes with some water and butter and salt, and there you are! Toast is easily made and eggs are nothing to scramble. Hot tea and good tea is within your reach, and a rare bit, such as no restaurant with kitchen a mile from your table can afford, can be made as easily as eaten. What will such luxury cost? Oh! about 17 cents apiece or thereabouts and the jolly "home-like" evening for nothing.

I have even had a "home-made" cup of tea in the morning before starting for the train.

There are economies besides those of living, of course.

Wigs, for instance. If you have any hair at all you can piece out for almost any style of head dress.

Curtains set on a rubber band short in front lengthening at the sides and as long as you choose at the back, can be slipped around your head; either let the crown of your head show or cover it with the silver or gold net Juliets, etc., may wear.

You will have the effect of a half length wig. It will be lighter, safer to wear and much less expensive, especially if you buy the hair and adjust it yourself.

Think up ways for yourself; make up your mind to save every cent you can. Send your money away as soon as you get it, just keeping enough to see you through the week.

When the time comes that you need the money the small self-sacrifices made to save it will not seem worth thinking twice of.

POLLY.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

LONDON, March 14, 1889.

Theatrical news of the current week consists mainly of items relating to Baseball, Boxing and the Bankruptcy Court. The first public appearance in England of the American Baseball team at Kennington Oval on Tuesday afternoon before H. R. H. of Wales and about 5,000 of his mother's lieges was rather a success of esteem than an indication that your national game will catch on in this country. The rival teams were warmly welcomed by the crowd, and the Prince and his party said all manner of nice things of and to the players; but our proverbially beastly climate was at its best on Tuesday, or probably the "gate" would have been five or six times as big. At Lord's Ground yesterday meteorological matters were not much more favorable and so what might have been a very big boom was let off with but comparatively little report. They play for the last time in the metropolitan district at Leyton on Saturday afternoon when it is to be hoped the clerk of the weather will make things more pleasant for them.

On the other hand, the Boxing boom, of the inception and development of which I have from time to time notified you, now swells bigger than ever. During the week an "International Boxing Tournament," promoted by two betting men and an old bruiser, has been in full blast at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, where the Long Wobblers used to be in the old times of a few years ago. The promoters' offer of £500 in prizes for boxing contests at various weights attracted a very large entry of more or less promising pug, some of whom have performed better than they promised, which is not always the rule in undertakings of this description. Anyhow, the monster building has been well filled at good prices throughout the week, and there is every reason to believe that a similar "tournament" to be held at the same place three weeks hence will be equally successful.

So much for baseball and boxing—now for bankruptcy. I am not so sure that this is any more fashionable among members of the profession than it used to be, but the attention which is directed to their minutest proceedings is now so extensive and peculiar that if even a super gets summoned in the county court, it attracts almost as much notice as the complete financial smash-up of a well-known manager would have received in days gone by. Noteworthy among recent theatrical failures is that of Maria A. Darbishire, whose stage name is Agnes Hewitt. Agnes' bankruptcy was brought about by her recent management of the Olympic Theatre, which has much to answer for in this connection.

The proceedings were on her own petition, and she stated that she owes £1,400 for rent (at \$60 a week), and that she had no assets whatever. Miss Hewitt is very popular with those whom she has employed, and they (and I) wish her a speedy deliverance from her difficulties. With a view doubtless to having a general clean-up and taking a fresh deal all round, Mr. Darbishire (Agnes' husband) presented a petition on his own account at the same time, and a receiving order was duly made against him. Harriet Vernon, the "Sappho" songstress and principal boy of the Drury Lane pantomime, has off and on occupied the attention of the Court of Bankruptcy for some weeks past. She has been on again this week, and so have the seemingly interminable affairs of the Tussaud

family, but there is nothing particularly new to chronicle therein. A long list of other theatrical bankruptcy and county court cases have been handed to me for comment, but I forbear.

After all, it is doubtless not so much from ill nature that these things are raked up as from the rakers' evident feeling that the world which sits in front of the footlights is hungering and thirsting to know all that can possibly be known about the world which struts on the other side of them. It is doubtless because of the deadly dearth this week of topics of real interest that an evening-paper reporter has been spreading himself on the size of actresses' waists. Details on this point are more interesting to me than extracts from their balance-sheets, so he shall be commended rather than rebuked. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of his figures, but I shall certainly verify them on the very earliest opportunity that the ladies concerned will allow me to wield the measuring-tape. To begin with, I learn that Ellen Terry being at the head of her profession has one of the largest waists therein, viz., twenty-eight inches. Miss Eastlake is also credited with a similar circumference, and I can readily believe it. The reporter casually remarks that the fair Eastlake's "soft fluffy hair" and "soft easy-going silk gowns" give her rather an untidy appearance and here again I say ditto to Mr. Reporter. But I don't want her altered, bless you. She is always charming, if seldom tidy. Mrs. Bernard Beere doesn't wear stays and has a waist of twenty-seven inches. Mary Anderson's waist a few years ago was twenty-four and one-half inches. Now it is twenty-six. Mr. Reporter with some naïveté here remarks that Mary is very affable and nice, "but is said to conceal a temper behind her suavity." Dorothy Dene has a twenty-four inch waist and "looks too good to be true." (O, fie, Mr. Reporter!) "She never has anything after the play but a cup of hot bouillon and a biscuit, and gets nine hours sleep out of every twenty-four." Mary Rorke has a twenty-three inch waist, but "Kate Vaughan has the smallest on the stage." Twenty one, I believe. Next, please!

Forthcoming arrangements include the production of a new three-act comedy called *The Bookmaker*, by J. W. Pigott, at Terry's next Tuesday afternoon, under the management of Edward Michael; of *The Panel Picture* over at the Opera Comique on March 28, and of Sydney Grundy's new farcical comedy, *Merry Margate*, at the Comedy on or about the same date.

At the Haymarket they are busily rehearsing the new play by H. A. Jones, which, according to present announcements, is to be called *Mat Ruddock*; but Jones tells me that this title will in all probability be changed. Originally they were going to call this piece *The Panper*. Jones now wishes to rechristen it *A Rich Man*. The comedy will probably be produced on Easter Monday.

At the Alhambra, with a view doubtless to approaching international complications, they are hotly preparing for the production of a grand spectacular patriotic ballet, which, with its "national and other music, characteristic dances and naval and military evolutions, is to form a grand representation of our Army and Navy. The scene will represent Portsmouth, with a view of the war-ships in harbor. The directors promise that the arms and accoutrements shall be technically perfect, including guns that will not burst and swords that do not bend. If they can really do what they promise it is a pity our war office doesn't see its way to giving them a few contracts.

On Saturday night members of the Press gang who do not possess the faculty of being in two places at once, must opt either for Pinero and the Kendals at the Court or Mansfield and the divine Williams at the Globe. W. S., having been dead a long while is not perhaps entitled to much consideration, but Mansfield's business manager, Ed. Rice has been around telling the boys such marvellous tales of the glories of the forthcoming production that I believe they will vote solid for the Mansfield ticket. Besides, Pinero's new play, *The Weaker Sex*, with which Willie and Madge are to open has already been discounted by production at Manchester.

I am informed that the Cibber and Willie Wintry versions of Richard III. have alike been rejected by Mansfield and that his revival will closely follow both Shakespeare's text and construction. The scenery is simply magnificent, and in order that it may not be wanting in appropriate life and movement an army of carefully drilled supers—eighty strong, has been specially turned on for letting loose at appropriate moments. The Lord only knows where they will stow them all! But let us hope that it will be all right at night, and that in my next letter I may be able to chronicle a brilliant success.

GAWAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Are you insured against accidents? A prepaid professional card, of ten lines or more, in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, gives you a \$5,000 policy in the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, free of cost.

BOSTON.

Somewhat, although the people of Boston are remarkably religious, the Lenten season does not seem to have materially affected the business at any of the houses. Everything goes right on just as if it were the regular sinful time of the year.

At the Boston the Bostonians have entered upon the second and last week of their engagement with every reason to feel satisfied with the business.

My's Brass Monkey was brought out at the Park Monday night, its first performance in Boston. The piece is booked for three weeks.

Ma, She, Him and Her, with George W. Adams in the principal part, holds the stage at the Globe. Gillette's A Legal Wreck is the bill at the Grand Opera House during the present week. The cast is strong one, and the piece is splendidly staged.

Manager Rich had to huddle to fill the gap at the Hollis Street caused by Mary Anderson's illness, but he did it, and the house is doing an excellent business this week with The Cavalier with Henry Lee as the star.

At the Howard this week the attraction is Muldoon, Schaffer and Blakey's troupe.

The production of Joseph's Sweetheart on Monday night at the Museum is the dramatic event of the week. It was a long time in rehearsal and but for the remarkable success of the pieces which have preceded it would have been staged weeks ago. It is cast to the full strength of the co. with the single exception of Manager Pitt. Annie Clarke, who plays the part of Lady Booby, spoke the prologue on the opening night. The cast includes J. B. Mason as Joseph Andrews; George Wilson as Parson Adams; Viola Allen as Fanny Goodwill; Panny Addison as Mrs. Adams and little Olive Homans as little Abe Adams. The piece is in five acts, in only one of which is there a change of scene. The first, which presents Lady Booby's boudoir, is peculiarly interesting from the fact that the tableau at the close is an exact reproduction of plate IV. of "Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode."

The second act shows the exterior of Parson Adams' house, the third a room in Sir George Wilcox's mansion house; the fourth includes a scene in Lord Fellmar's house; a London street, and a view of Ranelagh Gardens by night, and the fifth represents the interior of a tavern at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

ITEMS: The coming of the German Opera co. to the Boston next week is causing some little stir in musical circles, and there is little doubt but the attendance will be very large, notwithstanding the high prices of admission. Manager Tompkins with commendable pluck, has taken all risks upon himself in bringing the co. here, instead of protecting himself in the usual manner by a guarantee fund. Mr. Conney, of Messrs. Rich and Harris' staff, sailed last week for Europe in search of novelties for the Howard Star Specialty co. The funeral of Dan Maginnis on Wednesday last was very largely attended. The services were held at St. Joseph's church in Roxbury, the spacious edifice being crowded while there were nearly as many outside standing in the rain. The Margaret Mather co., of which Mr. Maginnis was a member—came up from Providence in a body to attend the funeral. The remains were buried at Mt. Benedict Catholic Cemetery. Mrs. Annie Carey Raymond sang on Monday night at Mrs. Flora Barry's concert, her first appearance since her retirement. She does not return to the lyric stage, however, her appearance having been for that particular occasion only. The return of Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel after a two years' absence has met with a most enthusiastic welcome. Their first vocal concert, packed the Meiselman as it has not been packed before this season. The Proctor Dramatic co., under the direction of the veteran actor Joseph Proctor, gave a strong performance of the melodrama, The Writing on the Wall, at Union Hall, on last Tuesday evening. Two or three of this co. will make their debut on the regular boards the coming season.

PHILADELPHIA.

The illness of Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry caused much disappointment and considerable loss last week.

Miss Anderson should have appeared at the Chestnut Street Opera House, and there had been a large advance sale. Her severe indisposition caused not only regret, but sorrow and sympathy, among that large class that appreciates her high attainments and her equally exalted character. Fortunately for the management of the house, Messrs. Zimmerman and Wilson, in consequence of the inability to fill her engagement was communicated to them as sufficiently early date to permit the securing of another attraction, and although the time was brief, energetic action resulted in placing upon the stage on Monday night A. M. Palmer's co. and the excellent comedy drama Partners. The attraction was in every way worthy of the house and of the occasion, and although the business necessarily suffered from the lack of preliminary announcement, those who were wise enough, or fortunate enough to embrace the opportunity, were amply repaid. Partners is one of the best among the few good plays seen here this season. Independent of some good character sketches, and some excellent lines it is not a great play, but it was lifted to the plane of greatness by the excellent acting of Alexander Salvini, and the very excellent co., which assisted in the interpretation. The performance was an unusual degree of pleasure; it elicited the strongest evidence of approval, and will be remembered as one of the most satisfactory events of the season. This week Professor Herrmann.

Manager Fleishman of the Walnut Street Theatre, at whose house Mrs. Langtry was booked and billed, was extremely unfortunate. It was expected that the lady would be able to appear on Monday night, but the result was disappointment. It was then announced that she certainly would appear on Tuesday evening, but the crowds which flocked to the theatre were informed that the intelligence had reached the theatre at six o'clock P. M. too late for publication, that Mrs. Langtry was still too ill to appear, and that the house would remain closed all the week. I am not called in judgment upon Mrs. Langtry's tardiness in notifying the local manager of her disability, therefore shall express no opinion, but content myself with the statement, that in addition to his contingent loss, Mr. Fleishman suffered a considerable actual loss by reason of expenditures for advertising and for sundry preparations. Mrs. Langtry announces that she will certainly appear at the Walnut this week as Lady Macbeth, a statement which we all hope will be verified.

At Herrmann's Broad Street Theatre the attraction was J. K. Tillotson's new comedy drama, Two Lives, with Maud Granger as the star. It played to but moderate business but made a good impression. It is very melodramatic in theme and treatment, but is properly called a comedy-drama, for the comedy relief of that Horace Greenough Dobbins, is the most attractive feature of the play. The play is marred by the numerous inconsistencies common to melodrama, but it is interesting and in many respects novel, and is certainly of skilful construction. It will not prove a strong attraction in strictly first-class houses, but it is a valuable play for houses of the popular sort and will most likely prove a success, especially if presented by a co. as competent as the present one. This week H. Grattan Donnelly's Russian drama Red Rouble, for the initial presentation of which a strong co. has been engaged.

At the Arch Street Theatre Lizzie Evans appeared in The Bachelors and played to good business. Miss Evans is comparatively a stranger in this city, but would doubtless find it to her advantage to visit us more frequently. She made a capital impression last week and well deserved her success. She is a good comedienne and acts with a naturalness that makes her work very effective. She sings and dances well. She possesses much dramatic ability than the average comedienne, and in fact ranks considerably above that class. Her support was satisfactory. This week Three of a Kind. Natural Gas completed its second and last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre having played a highly successful engagement. This week Nady.

Gillette's Ship had a successful week at the Grand

Opera House. The large stage afforded ample opportunity for scenic display, and the production was as all respects meritorious. Tellula Evans as Ayesha sang the music of the role excellently and acted with grace and with the necessary force. Some other changes were noticed in the cast but we were happy to find that Mr. Frillman and Mr. Bowser remained. This week Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels.

At the National Theatre Sad C. France appeared in a new play entitled Jealousy. The play is somewhat original in construction and fairly good. It possesses many realistic features that are attractive. Mr. France gave a very strong and creditable performance and was well supported by Ada West. This week Minnie Oscar Gray.

Rosedale proved an acceptable attraction at the Standard Theatre and played to good business. It was well rendered by a capable company having at its head George C. Boniface. This week Prof. Blake's Equine Paradox.

The May Howard Burlesque co. played to big houses at the Central Theatre. The co. is composed of artists of well known ability, who rendered the olio very entertaining. The special features of the entertainment were good in the main and some tasteful dressing was displayed by the ladies. This week The World's Star Specialty co.

Dominick Murray's melodrama, Right's Right, was handsomely presented at Forepaugh's Theatre by a co. which included Louise Paulin and other well known artists. It played to excellent business. This week York.

Business at Carncross' Opera House continued good. The White Caps furnished the theme for an amusing burlesque.

At the Academy of Music this week the Metropolitan Opera House co. will be heard in The Meistersinger and in the famous Trilogy The Ring of the Nibelung. The engagement is for one week only.

CINCINNATI.

A Legal Wreck, which constituted the programme at Henry's during week ending 23, is one of Gillette's happiest efforts. The piece is admirably constructed and the action elicits thorough attention from the curtain's rise until the denouement. Sydney Drew's portraiture of the scheming lawyer scored the hit of the week, and was ably seconded by the clever performance of Lilla Vane in the role of Olive Gray. Sid Smith, an old favorite, was well received. The play was very handsomely staged. The attraction this week is The Twelve Temptations. Lydia Thompson's Burlesque co.

The Black Crook at the Grand last week was fairly cast and attractively staged and with a brilliant olio including Bibb and Bobb in their musical specialties, the Ongar Sisters in a hazardous trapeze performance, and the Dare Brothers in an acrobatic act, scored a pronounced hit. This week the Emma Abbott Opera co. with Rose of Castile as the initial programme. Treasurer Wiswell reports the advance sale unusually large. The Wife; or, Carleton Opera co.

At Havlin's The Two Sisters closed a very successful engagement 24. Aside from the efficiency of the cast and the play's satisfactory staging, a feature of the performance was the whistling specialty of John Brown, the bootblack. This week Col. Sinn's Alone in London; Oliver Byron.

The sensational drama The Cattle King, with J. T. Wallick in the leading role formed the attraction last week at Harris' with good results financially. This week W. T. Bryant and Lizzie Richmond in Keep It Dark; Kindergarten.

Harry Williams' Specialty co. finished a very successful engagement 23 at the People's Theatre. The roster of the co. includes Bobby Gaylor, Frank and Lillian White, Isabelle Ward, Lizzie Dailey, Magge and Mullen and Frank Bush. This week The Craven Brothers' Specialty co. The Leonzo Brothers in a repertoire of sensational drama.

ITEMS: Fanny Davenport during her stay in this city unostentatiously donated \$50 to the Ohio Hospital for Women and Children a very deserving institution. Billy Owens of Havlin's will do his utmost to boom the Coney Island of the West during the summer season. The initial production of The Black Crook at the Grand is attended by a stage fire that for a time threatened rather serious results. Concerted effort and self-possession on the part of the stage hands extinguished the blaze without serious results. Charley Yale, the heavy-weight manager of The Twelve Temptations co., was at one time stage manager of the old Vine Street Opera House in this city. The Lenten and theatrical seasons do not, so far as Cincinnati is concerned, apparently harmonize. George Gribble, the clever press agent of the North-side houses, in advising me of the coming attractions for week of 27 desired me to place special stress on the fact that the Leonzo Brothers at the People's would present a round of the legitimate. The Elks will benefit at the Grand on April 8 with the Carleton Opera co. as the attraction.

BALTIMORE.

Hallen and Hart's new skirt, Later On, drew fairly good attendance at Ford's Opera House last week. At the Academy of Music Hoyt's Brass Monkey closed a good week's business on last Saturday night.

The Casino Opera co. gave a very elaborate presentation of Nady at Holiday Street Theatre last week to large audiences.

Edwin Arden appeared at Forepaugh's Temple Theatre in his drama, Barred Out, to big houses. The audiences were both large and appreciative.

At Front Street Theatre, Capt. Jack Crawford in a border drama entitled Fort Henry, the usual prosperous week, and found favor with the audiences. This week, Reuben Glue.

Gus Hill's World of Novelties played a return engagement at the Monumental Theatre last week to remunerative business. Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. this week. Next, May Howard's Burlesque co.

ITEMS: Marie Hansen was unable to appear in Nady on Monday and Tuesday evenings on account of illness, but resuming her place on Wednesday night, the part was taken by a sister of May Stembler, joined A Brass Monkey co. here.

NEW ORLEANS.

The Avenue was the only theatre open last week, and Perkins Fisher had a splendid week with A Cold Day as the attraction. This was a return engagement, and as the performance was mentioned before it is not necessary to go over the same ground again. This week Maria Goodwin in Sis. After that will come the MacCollin Opera co., when the season will close.

Faranta has cleared the ruins from the site of his burned theatre and erected a tent. A good specialty performance is being given to large audiences. Manager Greenwald has gone to Texas, where he will remain until the reopening of the Grand, on April 1.

Fred. Nanherret, who has been treasurer of the Academy of Music for these many years, was given his annual benefit by Manager Bidwell 27. John Wild appeared in Running Wild, and the house was packed.

Manager Bidwell has closed the Academy of Music and St. Charles Theatre and will soon retire for the summer to his country home at Pass Christian, Miss.

BROOKLYN.

W. H. Powers' The Fairy's Will received its first production in Brooklyn last week at the Grand Opera House and made a most favorable impression. The co. presenting it was a better one than is usually seen in plays of this kind nowadays, and the scenic effects were well conceived and finely executed. The audiences throughout the week, though not large, were of very fair size. This week's attraction is Frank Daniels in Little Puck. Next, Lewis Morrison in Faust.

At the Park Rosina Vokes played to large orchestra business. During the week The Rough Diamond, Uncle's Will and Tears were presented for the first time here by this organization. Miss Vokes was in excellent form and never played better. This week The Pearl of Pekin will hold the boards. It will be succeeded by The Florentines, who will introduce Heart of Hearts to Brooklyn theatre-goers.

J. B. Polk in Mixed Pickles drew large audiences all the week at the Brooklyn Theatre. The engagement was one of the most successful played here this season. Mr. Polk's support is uniformly good. John Woodard as Hiram Brown fairly shrouds honors with the star. This week Dowling and Hanson in Nobody's Claim, which will be followed by E. F. Mayo.

Criterson audiences were of good size and in good

humor all last week, when Mattie Vickers was the attraction. In Jacquine Miss Vickers does some exceedingly clever work. She is one of the brightest of all the graduates from the variety stage. This week She.

Hyde and Behman's Theatre was crowded to the doors at every performance last week the attraction being the Howard Athenaeum co. On Monday evening the European Novelties began a week's season. Arizona was in his drama, The Black Hawks did good business at the Grand Museum last week. The star is a great favorite here. This week J. J. Sullivan.

BROOKLYN, E. D.

Mrs. James Brown Potter in Antony and Cleopatra played to a packed house at every performance at the Amphion Academy last week. This week Booth and Barrett in repertoire. The advance sales were very large.

Burr Onks did very fair business last week at the Lyceum Theatre. This week N. S. Wood in The Wages of New York.

FRANKSALL: Lee Ottolenghi, one of Messrs. Knowles and Morris' oldest and most trusted employees, has been appointed by them as treasurer of the Amphion Academy. Mr. Ottolenghi has a large circle of friends in Brooklyn and I hope he may soon make as many in the Eastern District.

Said Pasha played all last week at Lee Avenue Academy to good houses. The chorus is stronger than that of any comic opera co. which has ever visited the Eastern District. This week Mantell in Monbars. Next week Mask of Life.

She played to good business last week at Proctor's Novelty.

SAN FRANCISCO.

March 27.

Sol Smith Russell has brought A Poor Relation to the Baldwin and we still live. Seriously, I had expected more of this play from a belief in and a liking for F. E. Kilder, its author. But the affair is not half so much a trifling disappointment. Mr. Russell is clever enough in it, though he, as well as Mr. Emmett, has not his ideal vehicle yet. His co. is a bit raw in some respects and rah in others. Merrit Osburn as Scollips is parenthetically good.

Youth at the Alcazar shows Joseph Grismer, Phoebe Davies, and the local co. in a good light, while the piece is staged effectively.

The King's Fool by the Conried Opera co., came to the Grand Opera House for a fortnight's engagement last Monday and played to a poor opera with promising singers as far as the new ones are concerned, brilliant stage management and one of the most picturesque stage settings ever seen in a Western theatre. Helen Bertram, Ada Glasca and Delia Fox made friends at once; Jennie Renforth found herself at home again; and the Viennese Lady Fencers made a success, though it seemed to me that they were a great deal of Barnum about their work.

The Madrid Spanish Opera and the Grand Opera House of the Bush Street Theatre. The manager of the latter has only himself to blame. He appeared, in the language of the street, at a "two-bit house" for three weeks, and people accepted his co. at his own valuation and refused to pay a dollar and a half when he came to the Bush. Signora Alemani, the prima donna, is said to be a very wealthy woman, and she should have risked something if the manager was unwilling, and have insisted on appearing at a first-class house. The Grand Opera House could have been had, where they would probably have made a hit. The co. is primarily from Madrid, though it has been recruited in Mexico, several members of the chorus being the peculiar cross between Spaniard and Indian seen nowhere else, while a number, noticeably two of the specialty dancers, are Aztec in look.

Is Marriage a Failure? continued another week at the standard, with Mistaken Identity as an after-piece. The Little Pauper, Howard P. Taylor's piece, has been in rehearsal all the week and will be produced to-night. The Brigands, by Offenbach, is being done at the Tivoli, with Louise Manfred and others. A Messner is in the cast. Edwin Thorne and Rose Thorne have been doing The Right Man at the Bijou. It was the right man, but not the right woman. CHAS: Well, well! The Tivoli is going to make things hum. William H. Hamilton, late of the American Opera co., has just arrived, and will take several important roles in the co., while Dora Wiley will appear in The Daughter of the Regiment, La Mascotte and other favorite operas. I wish heartily with the improvement in talent there might be an improvement in customs here. I never enjoy an opera at this house however well given, because of the simply vile atmosphere from a thousand—more or less—cigars and pipes going constantly. But it is the custom of the country, and has grown up with the house since the days when it was nothing but a beer garden, and we must endure it till a new generation shall insist on a good air in the audience as well as on the stage. The Kernell Specialty co. continued another week at the Orpheum. George Riddle will give a series of readings here the coming summer. I saw Thomas Ryan's familiar white head in the audience at the Orchestral matinee at Irving Hall Friday afternoon, and went over to say, "How are you?" I had not seen him since just after his return from Australia, when I met him in Boston. The Hub will be glad to learn that he is looking well. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club appear at the same house during the week. Mr. Rosewald's matinee on Friday was a notable one and was well received. The Spanish Opera co. go East under engagement with Gustave Amberg of the New York Thalia, and will make their first appearance East of the mountains at the Columbia Theatre Chicago.

CHICAGO.

Robson and Crane opened at the Opera House to a crowded and enthusiastic house, and their appearance for the last time together in The Henrietta sufficed to fill the theatre all the week. The same bill this week.

Robert Downing the rising young tragedian, who is rapidly forging ahead in the dramatic ranks, had a most prosperous week at the Grand Opera House, his performance of Spartacus is very fine. The supporting co. is one of the strongest on the road. This week the London Gaiety co. with Nellie Farnen and Fred Leslie.

The Boston Idealists drew splendid audiences to the Columbia, and it is certainly one of the strongest operatic co. traveling. Zeile de Lussan, Mue Januschowsky, Scovel, Miron, Bainbridge and others make up a thoroughly competent co. The repertoire has been extensive. This week Amberg's German Opera co.

Louis James and Marie Wainwright suffered somewhat at McVicker's by the counter attractions in town, but the audiences gave the stars liberal applause. As You Like It was the principal play, with School for Scandal as a change. This week, Gretchen.

Paul Kanvar continued to draw excellent houses to Hoodley's and the stirring incidents evoked liberal applause. This week Vernona Jarbeau in Starlight. Oliver Byron did a tremendous act at the People's in The Upper Hand. This week Mrs. McKee Rankin. Katie Putnam and Billy Emerson found favor in the eyes of the patrons of the Haymarket and filled the house. Emma, the Elf, affords rather meagre opportunities for Billy. This week Gus Williams in Keppel's Fortune.

Lost in New York had a profitable week at Jacobs Academy. This week Dark Side of a Great City. Charlotte Thompson and William Burroughs met with a good reception in Jane Eyre at the Criterion. This week Lost in New York.

The Albany concerts at Central Music Hall were the musical sensation of the season so far, and fashionable audiences filled the auditorium.

ITEMS: Henry C. Peakes, the old-time operatic basso, has been engaged to play the part of Bluebeard in the Chicago Opera House spectacle this summer. Richard Hailey is at work on the scenery for the grand production of The Tempest at McVicker's during the coming summer. Samuel Kayser, manager of the Conservatory, returned from New York and Montreal recently, where he has made engagements for several new teachers. Paul Potter, one of the brightest writers on the local press, has written a new farce-comedy for Donnelly and Girard, of Natural Gas fame. It is entitled The Directors, and will be produced here in May. Fred Zeddis, the head usher at the Grand Opera House, is happy over the arrival of his first daughter. The Conservatory's performance at the Chicago Opera House on Thursday presented some of the most talented pupils of that prosperous dramatic school to the public. Barbara, a comedietta by J. K. Jerome and A. R. Bird, by John Stapleton, were capably acted throughout by a coinciding Katharine Alford, Edith Fassetto, Grace Hayward, Mil-

dred Holland, Olive May, Charles Frazer, Richard Ferris and Frank Norris. George Bryan Lynn, known professionally as Bryan O'Lynn, died at his home in this city on the 25th inst. of pneumonia. He was ill only four days. His drooleries when a member of McAvoy's Hibernian are still fresh in the memory. He was at one time a member of Ben Maginley's co. in Ishavogue. He was buried by the Elks Lodge. Harry Fulton, press agent for the Columbia, has resigned to accept the position of advance agent with the Boston Ideal Opera co.—William Voegtlin, the artist, has finished some of the scenery for Bluebeard, and in addition to his other work has made designs for many of the costumes. Will J. Davis is ill with a severe cold and has been unable to attend to business for a week. Reports are that he is recovering.

ST. LOUIS.

Lydia Thompson's English Burlesque co. appeared at the Grand Opera House last week in Penelope, Columbus and Robinson Crusoe. This week, Fanny Davenport. Next week, The Sull Lullam.

Clara Morris appeared at the Olympic Theatre last week, presenting New Magdalen and Rénie de Moray. She was in splendid form and voice after a week's rest and her acting was full of feeling and most artistic and natural. Her co. was a fine one, and gave her excellent support. Mr. De Belleville's acting was full of intelligence and Mitten's Willett was strong and forcible and gave proof of great ability. The attendance was excellent. This week, the Boston Ideal. Louis James and Marie Wainwright next week.

At the People's Theatre Harry Jackson and Nellie Irving appeared in a new and highly sensational drama entitled Braving the World. It was interspersed with songs, dances and specialties. The two leading people were the only ones deserving of mention. The attendance was only fair. This week Passion's Slave.

At Pope's Theatre Harry Bell in Terry the Swell was given last week. The play was a vehicle for stage scenes and specialties, and the two leading people, Harry Bell and Annie Belmont, carried the piece. The attendance was fair. This week A Bunch of Keys.

TALK: Manager Mills, of the Exposition, has closed with Mr. Stanton, of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for a week of grand opera from May 6 to 11. Thomas Garrick has two offers for next season to lead in melodrama, and is debating over which to accept. John Moloney, the courteous treasurer of the People's Theatre, takes a benefit during this week's engagement of The Pope's Slave. Dave Nelson, doorman at the People's Theatre, had a benefit 18, with A Bunch of Keys as the attraction. At Kensington Gardens this summer James Pain and son's latest successes, Siege of Paris, Burning of Moscow, Fall of Babylon and The Fire of London, will be produced. The theatrical season, under the management of popular George McManus, of the Grand Opera House, will begin about June 1, and will last until about the middle of July. A grand production of The Crystal Slipper is being talked of. A plan is being talked of to give a series of performances of light opera this summer in the Grand Music Hall, Exposition Building. Robert Grand is being negotiated with.

PITTSBURG.

At the Grand Opera House Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence appeared in an attractive repertoire and did a very good business last week.

The Emma Abbott Opera co. at the Bijou sang its usual quota of light and grand operas and balanced up for the week with a handsome credit to profit and less account.

W. T. Bryant, supported by Lizzie Richmond in Keep It Dark, kept his large audiences in a constant uproar of laughter at Harris'.

The Irwin Brothers' comb at the Academy gave a vaudeville entertainment of merit and played the week to profitable business. This present week Rosina Vokes is at the Grand Opera House where she is pleasing her audiences with A Game of Cards, My Milliner's Bill, The Rough Diamond, In Honor Bound, Circus Rider and A Pantomime Rehearsal. Nellie McHenry April 1; Minnie Maddern 8.

The Stowaway is at the Bijou where its admirable co. and realistic scenery are receiving the plaudits of the patrons of the house. The Crystal Slipper April 1.

The Big Four comb at the Academy and Beacon Lights are illuminating Harris'.

ITEMS: The week's receipts for The Henrietta aggregated \$9,000 instead of \$7,000 as erroneously reported in this correspondence last week. Nellie McHenry got the week of April 1 by the disbandment of the Strakosch Opera co. which was booked at the Grand for that week. Meader was glad of the chance to cancel a week of one-night stands. The local lodge of the Order of the Mystic Shrine handsomely entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence 21. Newton Beers and his co. stopped over here one day last week. Harry Williams proposes to send another co. to San Francisco with Jack Dempsey at its head. Mrs. E. L. Davenport of the Florence co. has many warm friends in this city most of whom called on her during her stay here. Frank and Lillian White of the Williams co. will star next season. The untimely death of D. J. McGuinnis was received here with sorrow by his friends. William Herbert, of the Florence co., while here rehearsed the members of the Pittsburg Club for their forthcoming entertainment.

JERSEY CITY.

A pleasant variety in the weekly attractions at the Academy was furnished last week by the Duff Opera co. in A Trip to Africa. This was the first engagement this season of a light opera co., and it drew full and enthusiastic houses. The opera merited the patronage received, being bright, timely and well presented. The Lenten season has not materially affected the business. Light opera adds the boards this week, the Casino co. appearing in Erinie and The Yeomen of the Guard.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dixey did fair business at Albaugh's last week. Said Pasha week of 25; Mrs. Potter April 1.

At the National Theatre, Donnelly and Girard in Natural Gas, or A Legal Wreck April 1.

Lee Lamar in Fate has pleased good houses at Harris' Bijou. P. F. Baker 25; Hoodman Blind April 1.

Gus Hill's World of Novelties at Kernan's 25; Lilly Clay April 1.

ITEM: Lee Lamar has been suffering with a lame foot, which has made it very hard for her to play.

ALABAMA.

ANNISTON.—NORRIS STREET THEATRE (Jno. H. Noble, manager): Myra Goodwin in Sis is to very fair business.

BIRMINGHAM.—O'BRIEN'S OPERA HOUSE (F. P. O'Brien, manager): Annie Pixley in The Deacon's Daughter is to good business. Milton Nobles in From Sire to Son to fair business 18. Myra Goodwin in Sis is delighted a large audience. CASINO THEATRE (Billy Ryan, manager): Good business continues. This house will remain open during the entire summer, playing at popular prices. AVONDALE OPERA HOUSE (H. Sciolge, manager): This house will open soon for a summer engagement playing good legitimate co. at popular prices. ITEMS: Manager O'Brien will play a supplementary season at popular prices as soon as his regular season is closed. Your correspondent has been on the sick list for the past three weeks, which accounts for the non-appearance of Birmingham's weekly letter. Fred Grambs, musical director of the Opera House, will shortly open a music store. The local body of Elks will celebrate their first anniversary 25, with a grand ball and banquet. Only Elks admitted. Bennie Williams, treasurer at O'Brien's Opera House, has signed with Jo Jefferson for next season. Fred Mortimer retires this week from the management of the Casino Theatre to engage in other business. Billy Ryan, formerly stage manager of the house, succeeds him.

ARKANSAS.

PINE BLUFF.—OPERA HOUSE (S. F. Hilleheim, manager): Shadows of a Great City to a fair but well-pleased audience 18. The Two Johns to good business 25; general satisfaction.

CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO.—NEW METROPOLITAN THEATRE (C. P. Hall, lesser): A Night Off was pre-

from the co., headed by J. J. Williams, has the sole right to produce Puck's Bad Day in certain Western States and Territories.

NEVADA.

VIRGINIA CITY.—OPERA HOUSE: House dark last week. Due: Janssuech 27, 28.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PORTSMOUTH.—MUSIC HALL (John O. Avery, manager): Ranch 20 to a top-heavy house 15. A musical and dramatic entertainment was given by the children of the immaculate Conception School. FRANKLIN THEATRE (Alfred Stevens, manager): Prof. Miller and "Greek George," assisted by local talent, gave a sparring and wrestling exhibition to a full gallery 21.

SARASOTA.—THEATRE (A. H. Davis, manager): Harbor Lights, 12, drew the largest audience of the season, every seat being sold before the doors opened. Sweet Lavender was presented 14 to a good house.

CONCORD.—WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (B. C. White, manager): The American Opera co. gave one of the greatest musical treats the city has had for a long time to a good house 16. Harbor Lights by a strong co. to a good house 19.

MANCHESTER.—MANCHESTER OPERA HOUSE (E. W. Harrington, manager): The New American Opera co. presented Faust 19 to big business at advanced prices. Kralffy's Water Queen played large audiences 19, 20.

DOVER.—LOWELL'S OPERA HOUSE (J. Lowell, manager): Sweet Lavender played to the capacity of the house 17. Charles Bradshaw, who formerly supported Lotis, made a hit in the character of Dick Pansy.

NEW JERSEY.

HOBOKEN.—H. R. Jacobs' THEATRE: The equestrian melodrama, Nobody's Claim, was produced last week to good business and appreciative audiences. Sadie Hanson and J. J. Dowling in the leading roles were excellent, and were supported by a good co. This week G. C. Boniface assumes the lead in Roadside for three nights, and Monroe and Rice in My Aunt Bridget will finish the week. —CROHNE'S: Steve O'Donnell's comb. did only a median business last week, although it was a good entertainment. This week the Vidocas and William Rightmire in The California Detective and an olio. —LYONS: Cronheim's will probably return to Sunday performances after this week. —John Hammond writes that he is still stage manager for Irene Kralffy's Black Crook co. —The excellent manner in which good plays are produced at Jacobs' is making this house very popular.

TRENTON.—TAYLOR OPERA HOUSE (John Taylor, manager): Frank Daniels' Little Puck, with its wealth of bright music and laughable comedy, played a large house 14. Dockstader's Minstrels packed the house 19. Mrs. Scott Siddons had a very light audience at her reading 21. —ELKS: The local lodge of Elks held a social session 21. The principal event was the auction sale of the bones for the Rose Croftian performance. The prices paid was the highest ever received for them in this city.

PATERSON.—JACOBS' OPERA HOUSE (H. R. Jacobs, manager): The Jests of London 18-20 to packed houses, the S. R. O. sign being displayed nightly. The balance of the week Proctor's Comedy co. appeared in Over the Garden Wall to good business. Both co. were good, and gave entire satisfaction. Frank I. Frayne and T. J. Farron in Help divide this week. —PHILION'S THEATRE (A. Philion, manager): This house opened 16 with a benefit tendered to the manager by his many friends. It was a great success, the house being crowded. Manager Philion entertained the volunteers on the stage after the performance. Joseph J. Sullivan in The Black Tarn drew good and well-pleased houses last week.

ELIZABETH.—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (A. H. Simmonds, manager): The Fat Men's Club gave satisfaction to a large house 14. Dockstader's Minstrels, to one of the largest houses of the season, 20.

NEW YORK.

BUFFALO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Moses Bros. managers): Vernon Jarbeau in Starlight 18-20 to good houses. Miss Jarbeau is unfortunate in having such a play on her hands. Nellie McHenry and The Troubadours succeeded Starlight and filled out the week with Greenroom Fun. Good business. —STAR THEATRE (Moses Bros. managers): This house was first opened to the public the management of the Wechs 14 with M. Coquelin and co. in repertoire. Rather light but fashionable audience. Kralffy's Black Crook week of 25. —CORINE LYCEUM (Jacobs and Kimball, managers): Week of 18, Mr. Jacobs' co. in Queen's Evidence. Business good. Week of 19, Corine. —COURT STREET THEATRE (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Viceroy, Ada Gilman and co. in Bubbling Over, delighted fair audiences week of 14. Edith Collins Dramatic co. week of 25. —LATE DUNWELL'S THEATRE (F. J. Jordan, manager): Week of 14, Charles E. Eldridge Comedy co. fair business. Week of 25, Gilmore's Ranch Arden. —ADAMSON (J. W. Gerlach, manager): Hayden and Holbrook's Bright Lights week of 14. Light business. —JERSEY: Joseph Murphy suffered from throat trouble while here week of 11, and the Friday and Saturday performances were omitted.

ROCHESTER.—LYCEUM THEATRE (John R. Peiron, manager): Nellie Maddara, who was booked for the first half of the past week did not appear owing to illness, consequently the house was closed. Miss Maddara, supported by a good co. presented Caprice 21, and in spite of all 21, to good business. Julia Marlowe 18-20 Booth and Barrett April 1. —ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Webster and Clifford U. T. C. co. drew excellent audiences last week and gave an excellent representation of Mrs. Stowe's famous novel. Bill Barlow as Uncle Tom and Carrie Dillon Webster as Topsy deserve special mention. The White Slave this week, Corine next. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (P. H. Lehman, manager): Closed last week. McKee Rankin and Aronson's Yeomen of the Guard next. —CASINO (W. J. Burke, manager): Business fair last week. —LYONS: Resident manager James Cahn of the Grand, has severed his connection with that house and will hereafter be associated with Charles Frohman in his several enterprises. Herbert S. Hall, the efficient treasurer of the Grand, succeeds Mr. Cahn in the management, and W. H. Whitmore has been appointed treasurer. —W. H. Whitmore, of the After Dark co., who has been in this city for several weeks under the care of his physician, will rejoin his party on the Pacific slope in a short time.

ALBANY.—The week of 14 at the Leland presented a variety of attractions. On Monday night a concert was given by a local singing society, the Schubert Club, on Tuesday and Wednesday held by the Henry was presented, on Thursday Putsch-Madi in concert and Friday and Saturday Dockstader's Minstrels. Held by the Henry drew as well as of yore. Putsch-Madi appeared for a benefit and drew a big house. Dockstader's opening night was also big and a very entertaining programme was given. The co. was entertained by the local B. F. O. E. after the performance on Friday evening. —JACOBS AND PROCTOR'S OPERA HOUSE: The White Slave drew largely last week. Charles T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler this week.

OWEGO.—WILSON OPERA HOUSE (B. Tuthill, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak 21, to a poor house. Co. good.

CONROE.—OPERA HOUSE (Callan and Powers, managers): Sparks Brothers played to well-deserved light business 19. C. E. Vernon 16, light house. Nora and Vivian 19, fair house, but failed to please.

BONDOUT.—LYONS' OPERA HOUSE (Geo. G. Lincoln, manager): Lillian Kennedy played to the largest house this season 21.

LOCKPORT.—HOGG OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Heintz, manager): Aiden Benedict in Monte Cristo 21, fine performance and fair house.

ITHACA.—OPERA HOUSE (H. L. Wilson, manager): Fisher's Cold Day co. 18, good business.

HORNELLVILLE.—SHATTUCK OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and Reis, managers): Ada Gray appeared in East Lynne to a fair house 19. Support with two exceptions below the average. Monte Cristo, with Aiden Benedict in the title role, to a light house 21.

AUBURN.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (E. I. Watson, manager): A Cold Day drew a light house 18. Murray and Kralffy S. R. O. 18. Monte Banks opened a three nights' engagement to good business 21.

NEWBURGH.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (A. Stanley Wood, manager): W. J. Scanlan in Shave-na-Lawn 14, light house. Mr. Scanlan omitted one song

and otherwise cut the play. The audience was very much displeased. Held by the Henry co. it, to a large house. The most pleasing performance of the season. Everybody pleased.

OLEAN.—OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and Reis, managers): Aiden Benedict presented Monte Cristo 21, to a small house and gave very poor satisfaction.

PLATTSBURG.—MUSIC HALL (M. Lee Rockwell and Co., managers): The McGibney Family Concert co. 19, to the largest and most enthusiastic audience of the season.

PENN YAN.—PENN YAN OPERA HOUSE (George R. Cornwell, manager): Benefit for the Elsworth Home Co. by local talent 14-15, to crowded houses. Due: Sawtelle co. 25, week.

HUDSON.—OPERA HOUSE (E. Lisk, manager): Fielder's Operatic Minstrels to the capacity of the house 21. Entire satisfaction.

TROY.—RAND'S OPERA HOUSE (E. Smith Strait, manager): Maggie Mitchell in Ray played large houses 18, 19. Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors to a small house 20. —GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Charles T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler did a good business last week. This week Webster and Clifford's U. T. C. co.

SYRACUSE.—WIETING OPERA HOUSE (P. H. Lehman, manager): Rose Coghlan in Jocelyn drew largely 21, 22. McKee Rankin in The Runaway Wife did fair business 23. —ALHAMBRA THEATRE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): E. P. Mayo in Davy Crockett, and Florence Bindley in Dot, divided the past week to good attendance.

KINGSTON.—OPERA HOUSE (C. V. Du Bois, manager): Lillian Kennedy, supported by Alfred Kelly and a strong co. in Casey Troubles 21, to a crowded house. A very pleasing performance, well staged and acted.

CORNING.—HARVARD ACADEMY (G. W. Smith, manager): A Bunch of Keys to a good house 15. Hardie and Von Leer in On the Frontier to a well-filled and pleased house 18. Blanche Curtsie in Only a Farmer's Daughter 20.

PORT JERVIS.—LEA'S OPERA HOUSE (George Lea, manager): Murray and Murphy's Irish Visitors 15, to fair business before a well-pleased audience.

OSWEGO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Wallace H. Frisbie, manager): Rosina Vokes drew full houses 14 and more than pleased all. C. A. Gardner in Fatherland sang sweetly 19, to good business. Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors 21, to their usual large house. They always please.

BINGHAMTON.—OPERA HOUSE (J. P. E. Clark, manager): Dickinson-Bernas Dime Concert 15, to a packed house. Murray and Murphy 16, to good business. McKee Rankin in The Runaway Wife, had small but very enthusiastic audience 18, 19. A Cold Day did fair business 20.

NORTH CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE (E. J. Penny-packer, manager): P. F. Baker in The Emigrant to a fair but well-pleased house 18.

RALEIGH.—METROPOLITAN HALL (C. D. Heatt, manager): Prescott McLean co. in Merchant of Venice to a small but appreciative house.

OHIO.

EAST LIVERPOOL.—BRUNT OPERA HOUSE (Thompson and Way, managers): Floy Crowell played all last week to standing room only.

PIQUA.—CONOVER'S OPERA HOUSE (W. G. Corover, manager): Bristol's Horses 21-23 to good business; satisfactory entertainment.

AKRON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (W. G. Robinson, manager): Mr. and Mrs. Florence appeared in The Mighty Dollar to a large house 18, excellent and enjoyed it. Pat Muldoon to a fair house 19. Some good specialties were introduced.

SPRINGFIELD.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Fuller Trump, manager): Due: Webster-Brady She 21; James O'Neill in Monte Cristo 22. —BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE (Samuel Waldman, manager): Johnnie Prindle in Reuben Glee to a fair and well-pleased house 19.

CHILLICOTHE.—MANSONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. Kauffman, manager): Passion's Slave 18 to light business. —CLOUGH GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dennis McConnell, manager): The Two Sisters played to light business 18, 19, and 20, excellent and deserve crowded houses. The Melville co. last week to good business.

FINDLAY.—DAVIS OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Boyer, manager): Madame Neuville and her son Augustine appeared in The Boy Trump to a good house 19. The co. gave entire satisfaction.

MIDDLETOWN.—BIJOU OPERA HOUSE (Harry E. Hyman, manager): Ben Hur was produced 19, 20 to full houses.

BUYRUS.—OPERA HOUSE (V. R. Chesney, manager): We, Us & Co. 16 to the largest house of the season. Mrs. Neuville and Son presented The Boy Trump to a fair-sized audience 21.

DAYTON.—THE GRAND (Reist and Dickson, managers): The Two Sisters drew a very large audience 14 and gave the best of satisfaction. The Wife played to good business 15, 16 and delighted every one. The co. is perfect and the stage settings, superb. A large audience witnessed She 20, co. fair, scenery good. —CUES: W. J. Eversole is here in advance of Robert Downing 26. —Charles Weltner, the genial treasurer of the Grand, is seriously ill. —Manager Larry H. Reist will act as stage manager at the Elks' entertainment April 19. —Manager Reist is as much at home on the stage as he is in the sanctuary.

PORTSMOUTH.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. S. Grimes, manager): Winnett's Passion's Slave failed to please 18, 19, the co. was poor. —ITEM: Good open time can be secured at the Grand.

WELLSVILLE.—COOPER OPERA HOUSE (W. D. Wade, manager): Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin co. played to S. R. O. 19. —ITEM: Manager Wade is making the house very popular.

MT. VERNON.—WOODWARD OPERA HOUSE (L. G. Hunt, manager): We, Us & Co. to a packed house 8.

TOLEDO.—WHEELER OPERA HOUSE (S. W. Brady, manager): E. H. Sothern 20 to S. R. O. Gilmore's Twelve Temptations 21, 22 to good houses. —PEOPLES: Chip of the Old Block to good business last week. Edwin Mayo week of 25.

COLUMBUS.—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (C. A. and J. G. Miller, managers): The Duff Opera co. in The Queen's Mate 18-20 to fair business. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Miller Bros. managers): A Chip of the Old Block did fair business last week. —ITEM: Messrs. Miller and Melville have returned from New York, where they were on Kalamita business.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—NEW PARK THEATRE (J. P. Howe, manager): A Night Off co. to good business last week of 11. Frederick Warde in repertoire week of 12.

PENNSYLVANIA.

EASTON.—OPERA HOUSE (John Brunner, manager): Frank Daniels appeared in Little Puck to a fair house 19. Lilly Clay's Burlesque co. 21, to a good house.

TITUSVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Lake, proprietor): Pat Rooney's Comedy co. to poor business 21. Performance satisfactory.

CARBONDALE.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Nagle and McTigue, managers): Criterion Comedy co. week of 21, to light business. —NEW OPERA HOUSE (J. O'Hearn, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak 19, to big business 19. Hardie and Von Leer to good business 21.

WEADVILLE.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (E. A. Hempstead, manager): Maude Banks in Francesca da Rimini to a light house 19. W. A. Whitecar as Lancelotto gave the star efficient support. Pat Rooney 16 in Pat's Wardrobe to fair, but enthusiastic audience.

SCRANTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (C. H. Lind-say, manager): J. J. Sullivan in The Black Thorn afternoons and evenings, March 15, to light business. McKee Rankin to small houses 20, 21. The co. is a good one, and Mr. Rankin deserved better patronage.

ALTOONA.—ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (E. D. Griswold, manager): Geo. A. Baker's Bennett-Moulton Comic Opera co. 18-21, to S. R. O.

OIL CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (Hempstead and Honeywell, managers): Pat Rooney gave a good performance 19 to fair business. Arthur Rehan's co.

in Love in Harness 21; good business. Most enjoyable comedy co. this season.

WILLIAMSPORT.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William P. Elliot, proprietor): Henry Dixey in Adonis to a large, and well-pleased audience 18. Costumes superb and co. good throughout. Lost in London to a small audience 21.

ASHLAND.—OPERA HOUSE (T. F. Barton, manager): Mr. T. Farron in Jos. Murphy's pleasing Irish drama, Help, appeared here 18, to a fair house. Rice and Sheppard's Minstrels 20, to a very enthusiastic audience.

BETHLEHEM.—FOUNTAIN HILL OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Newhard, manager): The Adams and Co. Dramatic co. to average fair business week of 18. Mr. Shea is a sterling young actor, who will make his mark in the profession. The co. made many friends here socially as well as professionally.

NAUCH CHUNK.—CONCERT HALL (John H. Tago, manager): Mattie Vickers in Cherub to a fair and very much pleased audience 15. Hattie Bernard-Chase in Little Coquette 18 to good business. It was one of the best musical comedies ever seen here and a return engagement would undoubtedly pack the house.

WARREN.—LIBRARY HALL (E. A. Hempstead, manager): Chas. A. Gardner delighted a large house 21, with Fatherland. —ITEM: James N. Myers, who has been connected with the Warren theatricals for the past nineteen years, will have a benefit 23, when Rehan's co. will present Love in Harness. There is a large advance sale.

SHELANDOAH.—THEATRE (P. J. Ferguson, manager): Rice and Sheppard's Minstrels to good business and a fairly pleased audience 16.

PLYMOUTH.—OPERA HOUSE (R. N. Smith, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak gave an unsatisfactory performance to a small audience 19. Ethel Tucker supported by her newly organized co., gave a performance for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent squib factory explosion 18. The audience was one of the largest of the season and judging by the applause, was well pleased. The co. plays a return date in May. The Rhonda Glee Club gave one of their excellent concerts to a fair-sized and well-pleased audience 18.

ALLENSTOWN.—MUSIC HALL (A. S. Grim, manager): The Dethson Opera co. closed a week's engagement 16.

FITTSBURGH.—MUSIC HALL (W. D. Evans, manager): T. J. Farron played a return date here 21, for the benefit of the Farnell fund, to a big house.

READING.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Over the Garden Wall 18-20, to good business. Frank I. Frayne appeared 21-23 in Mardo. Si Slocum and Kentucky Bill, to large houses. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (George M. Miller, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak, Fritz Kreisler, in concert, filled the house 18. Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. appeared to a large audience 19. Ringgold Band gave a fine concert to good house 20. Rice and Sheppard's Minstrels to a large house 21.

KEESPORT.—WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (A. W. Van Ande, manager): Gray and Stephens finished a three night engagement 16, with a very clever production of Without a Home. A return date would be very acceptable. The Electric Cornet Band gave a musical treat to a well-pleased house 19.

DANVILLE.—Hattie Bernard-Chase in Coquette gave a very unsatisfactory performance 16. Miss Chase dances gracefully. T. J. Farron in Help, played a small audience 21.

BEAVER FALLS.—SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE (Cashbaugh and Bell, lessees and managers): Stetson's U. T. C. co. gave satisfaction to the largest house this season 21. —OPERA HOUSE (H. R. Jacobs, lessees and managers): Reopens April 1 with Agnes Cody.

FRANKLIN.—OPERA HOUSE (J. P. Keene, manager): Pat Rooney's Comedy co. 17, in Pat's Wardrobe, to a large and well-pleased house. Arthur Rehan's co. presented Love in Harness to a very ap-preciative audience 21. —ELKS: A Lodge of Elks was instituted here 21, by District Deputy W. H. Wallace, of Pittsburgh, assisted by members of New Castle Lodge No. 8.

ERIE.—PARK OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and Reis, managers): Salisbury's Troubadours in Three of a Kind with Nellie McHenry as Dollie Dashwood 18, to S. R. O. —ITEMS: Mr. John Simon, for many years stage manager of the Standard Theatre, Cincinnati, has been engaged by Mr. New as stage manager for the Park. Mr. Simon is the gentleman who originated the trick chamber used by the Hamlons in Fantasia. —March 18 was the sixteenth anniversary of the opening of the Park Opera House. The house was crowded to the doors to see Salisbury's Troubadours, also to pay a deserved tribute to this popular place of amusement and its able management. Each lady was given a handsome and costly souvenir by Mr. Kerr. The Opera House was never in better hands than it is at present.

YORK.—OPERA HOUSE (B. C. Pentz, manager): Lilly Clay gave a very fair performance to a large audience 16. Frank I. Frayne in Mardo 20, to a good house. Audience generally satisfied.

NORRISTOWN.—MUSIC HALL (John L. Murphy, manager): Kittie Rhoades week 18, 19, to very large business, packing the house nightly. Frank Daniels' Little Puck to good business 20.

TOWANDA.—HALE'S OPERA HOUSE: Hearts of Oak, booked for 26, has been canceled. Due: Si Perkins April 2.

JOHNSTOWN.—JOHNSTOWN OPERA HOUSE (Weaver and Jordan, managers): Lost in London played a fair house 18. J. C. Stewart's Pat Men's Club 21. The piece made a decided hit here. —FACT: THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is on sale at Eldridge and Young's Book Store. It leads all dramatic journals here.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—PROVIDENCE OPERA HOUSE (Robert Morrow, manager): The engagement of Booth and Barrett, which closed here on Saturday night, was the greatest dramatic event of this city. Never before has the public been so entertained. In each production of the five different plays every detail was given to please the eye as well as the ear. Never again probably will such representations of Shakespeare be seen by this generation, and the event will long be remembered. The largest audiences for the week were on Thursday and Friday, when Othello was given. The supporting co. was the best that Mr. Booth has ever surrounded himself with, and is more than equal to the requirements. Miss Gale made herself a great favorite, and received many recalls. This week is divided between the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels and W. J. Scanlan. —GAIETY OPERA HOUSE (B. P. Keith, manager): N. S. Wood packed the house at each performance of Waifs of New York last week.

NEWPORT.—NEWPORT OPERA HOUSE (H. Ball, manager and proprietor): Margaret Mather in The Harem to a large audience 19. Her support was not as good as on former visits. Poor Dan Maguiniss was missed from the co. Ranch to good business 21.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Will T. Keogh, manager): Rada closed the season at this house, appearing in Much Ado about Nothing and A Dangerous Game 21, and matinee to fair business. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. P. O'Keefe, manager): House dark last week. Nellie Walters this week. —ITEM: Manager Keogh will shortly go North. —C. L. Kellogg, formerly THE DRAMATIC MIRROR correspondent at Red Wing, Minn., is in town, in the interest of Nellie Walters.

TENNESSEE.

JACKSON.—PEARY OPERA HOUSE (Will H. Tate, manager): Little's World to very fair business 12. Scenery good. Due: Noble Outcast 15, 19.

KNOXVILLE.—STAUD'S THEATRE (Fritz Staud, proprietor): A. R. Wilber comb. week of 18 to splendid business. —BIJOU THEATRE (W. H. Gardner, manager): Business continues good.

NASHVILLE.—THE VENDOME (J. O. Milson, manager): Fanny Davenport presented La Tosca 18 to a large and fashionable house. Miss Davenport was generously praised by press and public for her acting as Florida Tosca, but the play did not by any means meet with general favor. It was, in fact, much criticised, the fourth act severely so. Melbourne Macdowell and the rest of the support are good. The piece was handsomely staged. —THE GERARD (L. C. Halle, manager): House dark this week. Due: A Cold Day April 1-3.

MEMPHIS.—MEMPHIS THEATRE (Frank Gray,

manager): Solita Concert co. 15, 16 to empty houses. The co. closed here. Anna Pinsky opened 18 to a fine house in The Doctor's Daughter. Miss Pinsky will give a benefit for the Actor's Fund.

GALLATIN.—TOMPKINS OPERA HOUSE (D. B. Anderson, manager): The Kickapoo Indian Medicine co. occupied the house last week. McCabe and Young's Operatic co. to slim business 21.

CHATTANOOGA.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Paul R. Albert, manager): Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels to S. R. O. 18.

TEXAS.

PORT WORTH.—OPERA HOUSE (George H. Dashwood, manager): Storm Beaten 15 to fair business.

HOUSTON.—PILLOT'S OPERA HOUSE (Henry Greenwall and Son, managers): The Two Johns to fair business 21. Siberia matinee and evening 19, very good business.

GALVESTON.—TREBOUT OPERA HOUSE (H. Greenwall and Son, managers): Siberia effectively staged and acted by a uniformly competent co. did good business 12, 13. One of the Bravest 14-16 fared not so well, the attendance on the whole being scarcely fair. It is a good sensational piece with clever specialty features. The Gilbert-Huntley co., whose engagement at the Harmony Theatre earlier in the season is pleasantly remembered, is filling a week at the Trebount, having opened 19. Fair and highly pleased audiences are attending. Popular prices and nightly change of bill. —ITEM: Treasurer Geo. H. Walker will be the recipient of a benefit April 6. The Myra Goodwin co. will be the attraction.

AUSTIN.—MILLET'S OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Millett, manager): McCollin Opera co. opened in Falha 15 to a good house; audience well pleased. The choruses were splendidly sung and taking it all through the McCollins made a decided hit here.

DALLAS.—OPERA HOUSE (H. Greenwall and Son, managers): Storm Beaten to light houses 18, 19, performance satisfactory. PERSONAL: Manager H. Greenwall is visiting our town for a few days.

SAN ANTONIO.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Mullaly, manager): Storm Beaten 9, 10, to rather light business; co. ordinary. McCollin Opera co. 11-14, to fair business. Siberia 15, 16, to satisfactory business. Good performance.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Douglas White, manager): The Little Tycoon was presented 11, 12 at advanced prices to large and well-pleased audiences. J. K. Emmett as Fritz drew good houses 15, 16. —SALT LAKE THEATRE (H. R. Clawson, manager): A dramatic and musical entertainment for a charitable ob. 17 was given in the evening in language 15 by a local co. assisted by Alfred Neilson. A large audience was present and a neat sum netted.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON.—HOWARD OPERA HOUSE (W. K. Walker, manager): Kralffy's Water Queen co. played to a well-filled house 18.

BELLOWS FALLS.—OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Butterfield, manager): Guy Brothers' Minstrels to poor business 18. Daniel Sully in The Corner Grocery to good business 20.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND.—THEATRE (Mrs. W. T. Powell, manager): Robert Emmett was well presented by the Richmond Dramatic Association for the benefit of the Farnell Defence Fund to a crowded house 18. Frank J. Antilotti in the title role gave a fine delineation of the noble young Irish patriot martyr. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Berger and Leath, managers): Lewis Morrison with an excellent co. presented Faust to full houses 18-20 despite the most inclement weather, counter attractions and Lenten restrictions. Baker in The Emigrant 21-23. —OPERA HOUSE (H. I. Taylor, manager): Geo. A. Henderson in Hidden Hand week of 18 to fair business. —COMIQUE (W. W. Putnam, manager): Business good. —MUSE (C. S. Thompson, manager): This house continues to do well.

DANVILLE.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Neal and Gerst, managers): R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott opened an engagement of two nights and matinee 13, fair houses; deserved much better patronage. Lewis Morrison in Faust to a packed house 21; fine spectacular play.

ROANOKE.—OPERA HOUSE (Tennison and Simpson, managers): Cora Van Tassel closed a successful week's engagement 16. Prescott-McLean co. presented Virginia 20 to a large and well-pleased audience.

NORFOLK.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Berger and Leath, managers): P. F. Baker in The Emigrant did fair business 19, 20. —OPERA HOUSE (R. I. T. vior, manager): A fairly good co., headed by Marianne Clarke, did satisfactory business during the week.

LYNCHBURG.—OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Simpson, son, manager): Prof. Harburt's house and co. to good business 15, 16. Marie Prescott and R. D. McLean played to small houses 18, 19 on account of stormy weather.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

TACOMA.—ALPHA OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Junett, manager): The McFadden co. in Uncle Tom's Cabin gave good satisfaction to large houses 12, 13. Marvina and Libbie Putnam as Eva and

upon. This week Chip's the Old Block. Next, T. J. Farrow in Help.

The Academy of Music had a tolerable variety show last week. The Mignani Parisian Musical Street Players' co. is advertised for this week. The Plain Dealer jumped upon this house with both feet last week and as a consequence the Mayor revoked license. Capt. J. W. Decker, the manager, however kept open and was arrested. He will stand trial in Police Court for his contempt of the authorities.

Travels.—Col. Carver's herd of buffaloes goes East, Wednesday after exhibiting to fair business at the People's Theatre.—A. C. Adams, manager of the Faust Burlesque co. is a brother to G. H. Adams of He, She, Him and Her fame.—The Wilbur Opera co. play an all summer engagement at Halloworth's Garden.

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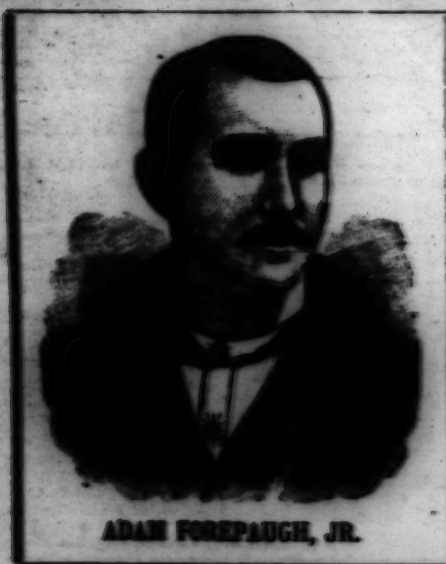
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